

BLOODY BATTLE RAGES IN MONTEREY OVER RETURN OF THE POP FESTIVAL



Lou Adler and John Phillips return to the site of last year's Festival

A BLOODY BATTLE OVER MONTEREY POP FESTIVAL

THE SOUND OF BOSTON: 'KERPLOP'

BY JON LANDAU

BOSTON
With a tremendous flourish of promotion—including such phrases as "the sound heard round the world"—the "Boss-town Sound" is upon us. Naturally, people are rather curious to know if it's for real. Four albums have just been released—*Orpheus*, *Ultimate Spinach*, *Beacon Street Union* (all on MGM) and *Eden's Children* (ABC)—more are due for immediate release later this month and the air is heavy with suspicion: "Is this some kind of hype?"

MGM has shown an extraordinary interest in the local scene. It is promoting the *Ultimate Spinach* album alone to the tune of \$100,000. The side of Boston that is reaching the national audience with the first three of these albums is inextricably bound to this extremely heavy promotion campaign by MGM. The question is not whether there is a hype but whether there is anything lying beneath the hype.

The very real problem that Boston faces at the moment is that the hype may boomerang and hurt what has been a slowly developing situation. The first wave of albums is likely to give Boston a black eye with people genuinely interested in music, but if it hurts the genuine talent which is around in the area, it would be truly unfortunate.

One reason for the sudden interest in the Boston area that is frequently mentioned is the need for an East Coast talent center. New York has proven itself unable to sustain a viable scene; it appears that the industry is hoping that Boston can do what New York hasn't been able to do: come up with an Eastern equivalent of San Francisco.

But MGM's "Boss-town Sound" is extremely premature.

Boston has always had large numbers of talented musicians in the area as a consequence of its large college population and the presence of the Berklee School of Music (one of the leading jazz schools in the country). In the early sixties, Boston was well known for the extremely high quality of its folk scene and at that time the city was responsible for such national figures as Joan Baez, Tom Rush, and Jim Kweskin and the Jug Band. Kweskin is still quite active locally as is the famous Club 47 where all this activity usually centered, although the Club is currently in serious financial trouble.

When the folk scene died, Boston was extremely slow in making the transition to rock. The restrained attitudes of the intellectually-oriented folk fans did

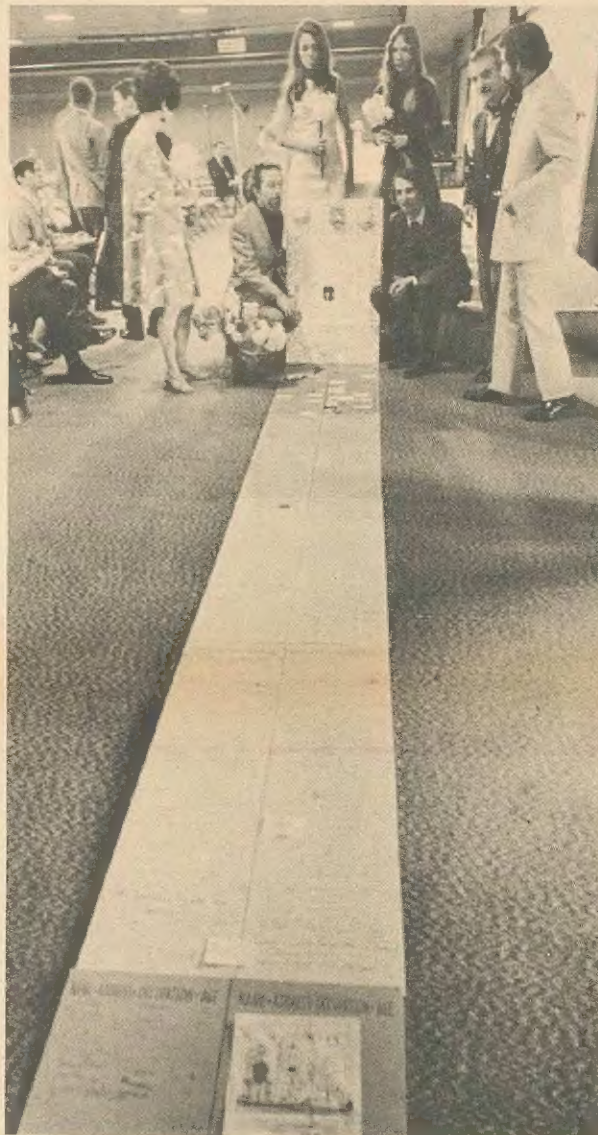


PHOTO BY BEN LYON

Supporters of the Pop Festival show Lou Adler and John Phillips petitions with over 10,000 signatures in favor of the event.

not yield readily to the unusual volume of the new music. Consequently, unlike most areas, the early rock scene in this city had to develop outside the context of the local folk establishment, (except for people like the Butterfield Blues Band and the Chambers Brothers who could be justified as being nominally within the range of folk).

Ironically, the rock scene which did develop from 1965-67 was far superior to anything the city has now, although the groups had to do most of their gigging along the fraternity-bar circuit. Pre-eminent on the scene during those years were the legendary Remains who played a fantastically hard brand of rock for their time. Not only were they responsible for an enormous number of

conversions from folk fans, they gave Boston some badly needed professionalism and they were more than willing to help other rock musicians in the area. Another group, the folk-influenced Lost, was also responsible for getting rock on its feet in the area and they were particularly important in reaching the folk people.

The current scene received its sharpest stimulus over a year ago with the opening of Boston's first light-show-rock house, the Boston Tea Party. This opening was no mean accomplishment because the city fathers have a fantastic hard-on about rock clubs and have made it very difficult for hip clubs in the past. (All of Boston rock still closes down at 12

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Decision Is Still in Air On Monterey

BY JANN WENNER

MONTEREY.

A second Monterey International Pop Festival has for the past month been put in jeopardy by a vicious handful of citizens, cops and city officials in a small-town drama straight from Peyton Place and The Invaders.

Fighting an ugly collection of voyeuristic "taxpayers"—who have charged that last year's Pop Festival resulted in sale of pornographic literature, trafficking in narcotics, an invasion of "undesirables," and "open fornication" (with photographs to prove it)—is an uneasy alliance of normally conservative businessmen, a forthright but nearly powerless group of volunteer citizens, and the two co-producers of last year's Festival, Lou Adler and John Phillips.

The struggle centers on the Board of Directors of California's Seventh Agricultural District which rents the Monterey Fairgrounds to various groups, including horse shows, rodeos, fairs, a jazz festival, and, last year, a pop festival. Caught in the middle is George Wise, a quiet and honest man who has managed the Fairgrounds for 12 years, who wants very much to have another Pop Festival, but who is now helpless, caught in a fatal trap originally laid for Phillips and Adler.

The City and County of Monterey (whose Mayor, Sheriff and District Attorney are fighting the Festival) have no legal voice in renting the Fairgrounds, but they can bring to bear enough pressure, and physical force if necessary, to make a bloody corpse out of what they don't want. (What they have at the very least done is enough to guarantee that if there is a second Festival, at least the first days of it, will be under heavy inspection in a highly suspicious atmosphere.)

The Fairground Board voted, at the end of February, to begin negotiations with Adler and Phillips, for the dates of June 21-22-23, the contract subject to a nominal final approval of the Board before it was finally signed, ordinarily a routine matter. The Board—too weak from the intense pressure to make a final decision and with three members up for re-appointment—reports directly to Sacramento, and is chosen by the Governor's office, an office now run by Ronald Reagan on whom the ultimate fate of the Pop Festival may depend.


The status of the Festival is up in the air and its chances keep changing, as frightened men are pushed one way one day and another way the next day by forces of hate

—Continued on Page 16

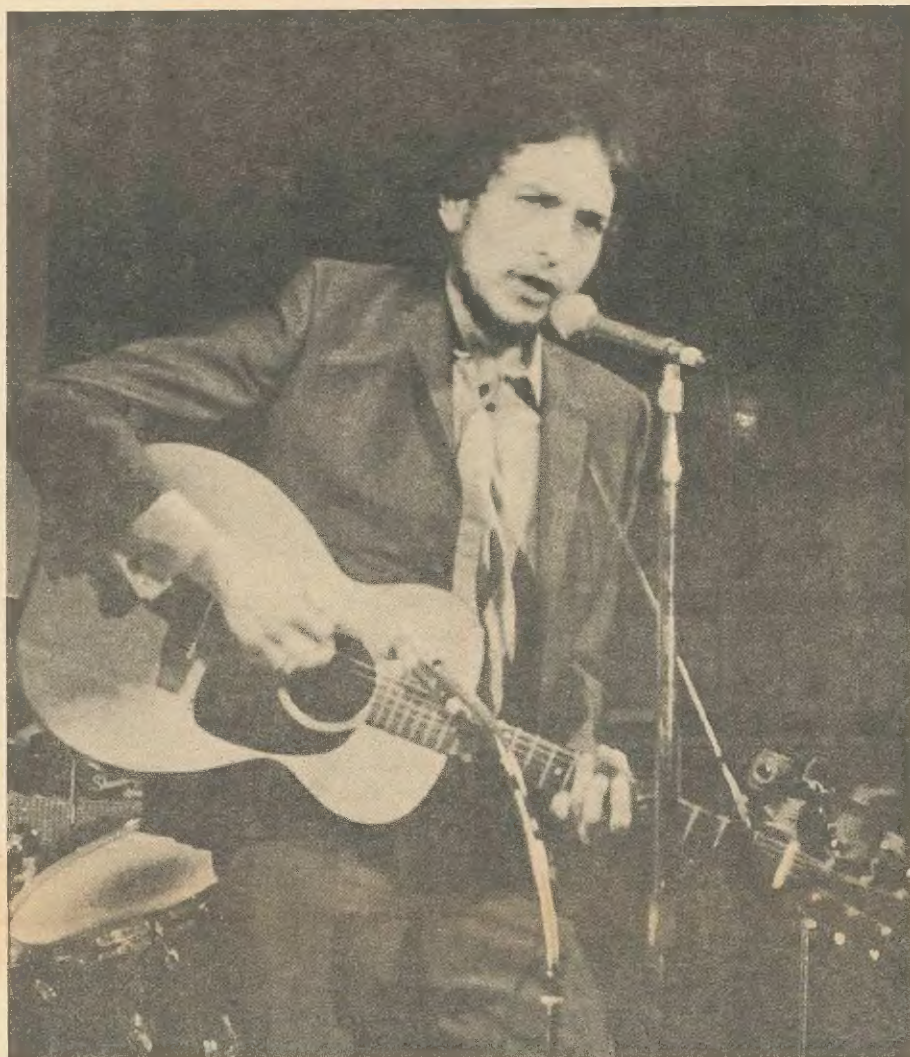
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THE NEW BOB DYLAN: A LITTLE LIKE JOHNNY CASH?



Bob Dylan at the recent Woody Guthrie Memorial Concert at Carnegie Hall in New York City. No photographers were allowed and the one who took this picture was thrown out of the concert after three shots.

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This edition published on March 7 for newsstand sales until April 6.

CORRESPONDENCE:

SIRS:

The article on Charles Lloyd by Jerrold Greenberg which includes a statement to the effect that Charles Lloyd is the only jazz musician who has been able to excite the rock audiences made me wonder about Mr. Greenberg's qualifications as a writer and brings up some questions which ought to be raised in your paper:

1) How many jazz musicians have been given a hearing at the Fillmore? Count Basie, Don Ellis, Danny Zeitlin, Roland Kirk, who else? Has Archie Shepp ever been asked to appear there? How about Pharoah Sanders, who did some fantastic underground concerts in Berkeley last summer? How about Roscoe Mitchell, who recently did a most exciting concert in Chicago?

2) Is Bill Graham really still interested in educating his young and unsophisticated audience or is he just giving them what show biz has always done—that which the promoter feels they want? It seems to me that The Family Dog is making a better attempt at presenting a wider spectrum of music.

3) I greatly admire the music of Charles Lloyd but I would like to ask Mr. Graham if he has invited any of the other giants of jazz, and we must keep in mind that young people get only a partial idea of what contemporary jazz has to offer from records—because jazz records, like rock records, capture only a part of the thing—you must hear them in person

in order to really enjoy them. Why is this opportunity only given to a chosen few and to the rock bands?

CHRIS STRACHWITZ
ARHOOIE RECORDS

SIRS:

Thank you for Rolling Stone! Thank you also Jon Landau for the things he said about me personally. The rest of us will, I'm sure, try for the next one.

CHARLIE WATTS
SUSSEX, ENGLAND

SIRS:

When I read that WMCA in New York had banned *The Who Sell Out*, I was reminded of an interesting incident I had with Joe Bogart last Christmas. Before WOR-FM was taken over by Bill Drake, I used to supply them with all of their English exclusives. Some of the records they broke that were brought up by me or friends of mine were the Pink Floyd LP, *Are You Experienced*, Fresh Cream, and the second Who album. In return for the loan of our records, they supplied us with all of our American records. After Sebastian Stone told us that WOR was "not a social gathering," we called Joe Bogart at WMCA and explained the situation to him. At the time we had "World" by the Bee Gees and "Here We Go Round the Mulberry Bush," by Traffic, neither of which have been released yet. We asked Bogart if he wanted them and he said

that "World" was not going to be the Bee Gees' American single, and Traffic was not a popular group, and they didn't want either record. He explained that WMCA couldn't just play what they wanted to, but had to cater to their listeners' tastes, at which point I promptly hung up on him. One question arises out of the whole mess—what is immoral about deodorant, baked beans, acne, and/or muscles? Joe Bogart is an ass. Thank you.

FRED PERRY
BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

SIRS:

Anonymous reviewer of *Everything Playing*, mostly you're right, but as for "Younger Generation," no, no, you're wrong. The song is neither moralizing nor clichéd. I call to witness any number of high school and college age audiences at any number of concerts who have loudly shown their appreciation of this song; and no one has a deeper antipathy to moralizing and clichéd than young people. Sebastian is working no moral at all; there are no hidden meanings to the lyrics. The influx of intellectual rock and roll groups has left us brainwashed and Paul Simonized, always looking for social significances. But Sebastian isn't trying to be deep or even universal. His point of view is very personal, and for a specific situation. The lyrics

are masterful. Sebastian does very fine things with words. I hear he often pays them double on Saturdays.

NANCY ELRICH
STRASBOURG, FRANCE

SIRS:

Correction: Feb. 24th issue: Twice in mentioning the Lovin' Spoonful you say new member "Jerry Yester formerly of the Association." Wrong: Jerry Yester is formerly of the Modern Folk Quartet (MFQ). His brother Jim Yester is with the Association.

MICHELE MEAD
MOUNTAIN VIEW, HAWAII

No Stone?
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FLASHES:

Mystery Tour Making Local Stops Soon

The Beatles have commissioned an American agent, Jerry Perencio of Los Angeles, to lease the *Magical Mystery Tour* film to a television network in this country. Since the picture, filmed in color, will be broadcast in color and black and white simultaneously, Perencio expects it to be received better than it was in England, where its first showing on BBC, in black and white only, caused general dismay among the critics. A second showing — in color — was widely praised, even by some of those who had put it down the first time around. All three networks are reported to be interested in the program.

If an appropriate script can be found the Beatles would like to make a feature film together in Hollywood, according to Perencio. Otherwise they asked him to line up films which they could act in separately. While they are still reluctant to make personal appearances in the United States or Canada, the agent said he has hopes of changing their minds.

Donovan, another new client of Perencio's (he was formerly with the William Morris Agency), has expressed no such reluctance. In fact, he is being scheduled for a six week to two month tour of colleges and other United States concerts beginning in October.

Jimi Learns You Can't Win Them All

Jimi Hendrix received two presents from his home town of Seattle, Washington, last month: a key to the city and an honorary diploma from Garfield High School—which he dropped out of six years ago. Hendrix, now 20, was in the area for a performance at the Seattle Arena on February 12, entertained the Garfield student body at a special assembly.

On another front Hendrix was not so successful. U.S. District Court Judge Charles M. Metzner of New York refused to grant an injunction that would have restrained Capitol Records from selling or distributing any Hendrix recordings, particularly the

Curtis Knight/Hendrix *Get That Feeling* LP. The judge did order Capitol to change the jacket design on that album. He felt it could be confusing to record buyers.

Voyle Gilmore, Capitol vice president for A&R and creative services, had this to say about the ruling: "Naturally we're pleased that we shall be able to continue to sell what we feel to be very fine recordings including the talents of a great musician, Jimi Hendrix. We are now in the process of designing a new album cover that will satisfy the requirements of Judge Metzner's opinion."

Rock Grows Up on Radio

As KPCC-FM in Los Angeles, sister station of San Francisco's KMPX, prepared to move out of the Pasadena church basement it now broadcasts from into permanent quarters on the third floor of a former Masonic temple, stations throughout the country are devoting more and more airtime to "progressive" rock.

KSHE in St. Louis, WABX, Detroit, and WNEW in New York (all FM) broadcast the music — also known in the trade as "adult rock" or "underground music" — on a full time basis, as do the two California stations which are programmed by Tom Donahue. From one to six hours daily are carried by KFMK, Houston, WMBM-AM in Miami Beach, which will soon go to progressive rock all day on Sundays, WOPA, Oak Park, Ill., WLS, Chi-

cago, WAVA-AM in Arlington, Va., WASH, Washington, D.C. and WIXY in Cleveland, which mixes album cuts in with its Hot 100 programming.

Other stations present the new sound mostly on weekends, WBZ in Boston, KSFR-FM, San Francisco, WMFT, Chicago, WSDM, also in Chicago and WKYC, Cleveland.

The content of the programs varies from station to station. A statement by Lee Katz of WOPR's "Rock Garden" show—the station is owned by Seed, the underground newspaper — is typical. "Underground radio is 18 minutes of 'Alice's Restaurant' by Arlo Guthrie," he said. "It's things like 'Heroin' by the Velvet Underground, a song the licensing agencies wouldn't even touch."

Stones Take on Traffic's Producer

The Rolling Stones have made an informal arrangement with Jimmy Miller, producer of the Traffic album, to produce their next single recordings and most probably, their next LP. Since their break last year with Andrew Loog Oldham, the Stones have been producing themselves, with the result of one notably abortive record, *Their Satanic Majesties Request*.

"It's not a definite thing on a business basis," Miller said in London, "but we are going to get together and record and let the respective managers sort things out."

"Mick Jagger contacted me

and said he liked the things I did with Traffic. He had been producing the Stones but says he doesn't want to be on two sides of the control room window now. I'm very excited and it's all I've been thinking about for weeks."

"I've got a couple of tunes Mick and Keith have written which sound very good," concluded Miller. "We'll be recording extensively in March and April."

Miller is from New York City and has been in England since the fall of 1966. Since then he has recorded both the Spencer Davis Group and Stevie Nicks' Traffic.



Steve Miller Band just before they went to England.

MILLER ON THE BRITISH GROUPS: 'QUEER BITS IN UNDERWEAR'

BY STEVE MILLER

LONDON
London's famed and fabulous music scene is extremely superficial. It consists of super P.R. work, tremendous image consciousness, and studio musicians, sort of a small "Monkees" scene. In the Top-10 list, this last week, seven out of 10 records weren't played by the groups but by session men (that's guitar, bass and drums stuff).

There doesn't seem to be anything new here, musically speaking, at all. There are lots of groups doing high-level imitations of Jimi Hendrix, at least 20 power trios. Perhaps in a year or two they will grow into their own music.

All the big groups are working outside of England: Eric Burdon, Cream, The Who and Jimi Hendrix.

There are three clubs in which all of this takes place: The Speakeasy, a private club for "people in the industry"; The Marquee, a medium sized club, something along the lines of the Matrix; and Middle Earth. Middle Earth is the closest thing to the San Francisco scene: light shows, dancing, and music. It's pretty depressing, located in a basement of an old building. There really isn't any open space; there are pillars everywhere so the sound and the light shows are continually broken up and the effect is vague at the most. Lots of drug freaks, though.

The only good group that I've seen, haven't seen all of them yet—is Traffic. They are original and interesting and they should do well when they play the Fillmore. Other than that, the only group that I liked was a show group called Marmalade and they're pretty much razz-matazz but good musicians. Procul Harum is around but they haven't played anywhere lately.

When I used the term "music industry" I'm afraid that's what the majority of it is, as opposed to a music scene. There isn't any question in my mind as to where it's at: the English music scene is at a low, lifeless point. The creativity that is taking place in pop music exists in the Air-

plane, Al Kooper's group—Blood, Sweat and Tears, the Dead, the Doors, the Electric Flag in a way, the Mothers and American groups as a whole.

It can't be all bad here. There is the good stuff. The recording people here are very hip, and very young group and they are more into it than the groups. They are the people responsible for the sound.

Our band has had eight sessions now and I'm very pleased. We decided not to continue our efforts to have George Martin produce us, deciding that he was too expensive and, after all, not quite in our scene. It comes to pass that we are using Glyn Johns, the engineer for the last Rolling Stones' albums, and we are producing ourselves. Glyn is young, really together, a hard worker and has lots of ideas and works very well with us.

We have finished our first single and hope to release it in both England and the States in early March. Our manager is deep in work setting up a European tour starting in London at the Royal Albert Hall. Then Copenhagen, Stockholm, Helsinki, Germany, Paris, and Amsterdam. We've been invited to the Pop Festival in Rome but it still seems vague. I believe the people running it are trying to sell tickets first so they can afford to bring it off. I imagine it will be right down to the wire, if it comes off at all.

The main thing here seems to be show rather than music. The level of musicianship is much higher here but somehow its boring and non-original. There are some good blues musicians, along Mayall's style, but that is boring too. My guess is that the strong influence of the theatre has been responsible for a lot of the showmanship and theatrical quality of the English groups. There is also a sort of "decline of the Empire" mood here. One of the popular slang terms is "kinky" meaning personal perversion, and this mood seems to prevail in a lot of the groups. I've seen bands doing queer bits in their underwear to get attention.

THE WORLD IS WIDE
WITH MANY THINGS WITHIN,
BUT NONE SO RARE AS HE...



PRESENTS TINY TIM ON RECORD
ALBUM #6292

FLASHES:

Philly Ready for the Summer Sound

The city of Philadelphia will present a 17-concert Pop Festival this summer. Nine of the shows will be held at J. F. Kennedy Stadium, where tickets will be one dollar a head. The other eight are to be free admission events at recreation centers throughout the city.

The first concert is scheduled for July 4, the last for Labor Day. Kenin Associates, producer of the series, is negotiating with performers in rock, folk, jazz and rhythm & blues fields. Local newspapers, radio and television

stations have pledged support for the festival in the form of free advertising, while financial backing will come from the city's Department of Recreation, the Chamber of Commerce and several local businesses.

The stage and seating arrangements at the stadium are being redesigned to accommodate 55,000 people at a time with maximum contact between performers and the audience. Festival work crews will consist of unemployed youths hired for the summer.

Family Dog Just Misses the Pound

An assortment of rock and roll bands gave a benefit for Family Dog, San Francisco's production company, on February 21 and 22. The musicians involved, who have been, if not lavishly supported, at least enabled to exist by lagniappe from engagements at the Avalon Ballroom where the Family Dog holds its dances, were returning the favor.

The promotions at the Avalon have continued to show a profit for the organization (which is headed by Chet Helms) despite rumors to the contrary. But an attempt to expand its operations to Denver, Colorado, embroiled the Dog in a hassle with the city administration there—with resulting expenditures of over \$85,000.

Officers of the Denver Police Narcotics Squad began searching everyone waiting in line at Family Dog dances. They invaded musicians' motel rooms to conduct searches without warrants and, Bob Cohen of the Dog alleged, plant illegal drugs. An in-

junction against these activities was obtained, but the city struck back by enforcing an ordinance requiring all minors to have parental permission in order to attend the dances. The resulting bad publicity found many parents unwilling to grant such permission—and the Family Dog with a serious crimp in its activities and its capital.

So the Blues Project (now revived and playing in and around San Francisco), Siegal-Schwall Blues Band, The Youngbloods, Wildflower and Lee Michaels on Wednesday night and the Quick-silver Messenger Service, Charlatans, Mother Earth, Congress of Wonders, Michaels and Curly Cook (formerly with Charlie Musselwhite) on Thursday performed gratis at the Avalon. Even their best efforts weren't sufficient to make up that huge deficit, but the Family Dog picked up more than small change and, as far as the audience was concerned, the vibes were very favorable.

Dick Clark Haight Street Bandstand

Dick Clark, father of a 16-year-old TV retard named *American Bandstand*, blew into and out of San Francisco last week promoting a Premises "where marijuana Haight-Ashbury 'flower children'."

Still boyish-looking at age 37, the clean-cut Clark appeared briefly at an outdoor concert in a Fillmore playground, where he sandwiched smiles and soft sell between sets by Siegal-Schwall and a band of old Charlatans and CIA members playing together for the first time.

Clark's film comes out of the same American-International plant that has produced such low-budgeted, trend flicks as

Riot on Sunset Strip. Susan (The Trip) Strasberg and Dean (Ensign O'Toole) Stockwell are the principals in this supposed drama about a deaf runaway girl's bum trip through the Haight-Ashbury.

Clark and his crew spent four days in San Francisco last summer, but, he said, most of the scenery was shot in LA (around Fairfax Avenue, in the heart of the Southland's Hebrew Belt).

If *Psych-Out* can be compared with any other film, Clark said, "it'd be *Hells Angels On Wheels*."

And, if nothing else, "it's a fairly honest movie." Clark told the 200 persons gathered at the park.

Miller Band Busted in London

Late last month, the Steve Miller Band was arrested in London, where they had been recording an album. Everyone except Steve Miller was rounded up and charged with "Maintaining a Premises where Marijuana was smoked." Steve later gave himself up and was charged with the same offense as the rest of the band. Edward O'Brien, the group's road manager, was additionally charged with possession of LSD, which seems to be a drug more seriously viewed in England than in the States. The group goes to trial on March

19.

Their manager, Harvey Kornspan, who had returned to the States, has been advised by his lawyer not to return to England. He is liable to arrest inasmuch as the house was leased in his name.

The band's first single, "Sittin' In A Circle" b/w "Roll With It" will be released on March 18th. "Sittin' In A Circle" was written by Barry Goldberg, former organist with the Electric Flag; "Roll With It" was written by Steve Miller with an unusual guitar solo by Boz.



Elvin Bishop and Gene Dinwiddie

BUTTERFIELD ON ROCK BLUES: 'I CAN'T BELIEVE THE DOORS'

BY JERROLD GREENBERG

On the eve of another important personnel change and on the way to Los Angeles to cut their fourth album for Elektra, the Butterfield Blues Band has never sounded better.

This appreciation of blues guitarist Freddie King was written by the Butterfield Band's bassist.

BY BUGSY MAUGH

Clapton, Bishop, Bloomfield, Hendrix, Albert King, and B. B. all have one thing in common. They are hip to a guitar player by the name of Freddie King. I imagine they would all readily comment on what a monster he is.

I was fortunate to start picking up on his sides about ten years ago when he knocked me out with his style. He was playing and singing and doing some James Brown sides also. Freddie was amazing in that his thing was so unique. I still hear it in "today's" players (a little taste of Freddie). This cat was hard to believe. He had fingers the size of bananas and the guitar was minute when strapped on his huge frame. But he could play and was the superman of heavy shift. Groups used to be swayed into new things by just listening to his sides. You could learn bass, guitar, horns just listening to what the man was doing. His flurries, bends and attacks drove his band right out of sight. He made his own group want to play and it sounded like it. Wow!

I'm sorry if I made it sound like the cat is gone but not forgotten, but I'm just flashing back on what the cat put on me. The man is still with us. I thought he was from Chicago, but Bishop says Texas. Albert King says he gets together with Freddie whenever he gets the chance. Cotton's piano player (another Albert) tells me Freddie is alive and groovin' like hell in Dallas. So how come no one else is picking up on the cat? That's a damn shame.

We've got to reactivate this man. Frisco would take to Freddie like Johnson to Brown & Root. How about it, Mr. Bill Graham? Hendrix is heavy, Bishop is boss, Clapton is clean. Freddie King—Whew!

Guitarist Elvin Bishop, who plans to leave the band in April, is playing with as much authority, if not facility, as Mike Bloomfield (see Page 11) ever did when he was Butterfield's lead guitar. The horn section of Gene Dinwiddie, Dave Sanborne and Keith Johnson, largely by dint of experience in working together, blows more crisply and more interestingly than they had either on *The Resurrection of Pigboy Crabshaw* or during their appearance in San Francisco the previous month. Paul Butterfield himself has learned to take more advantage of dynamics to extend the emotional range of his vocals and harmonica work—and he has also learned to sit out on some numbers, as he did with the original band, and let Bishop or bassist Buggy Maugh do the singing. Maugh, especially on his own compositions, can be a pleasure to hear.

Like his English counterpart John Mayall (musical comparisons aside), Butterfield likes to play the blues. When Albert King, who was on the same bill, invited him to sit in on one song, Butterfield accepted with enthusiasm—and stayed to play two other blues as well. On these James Cotton, also on the all-blues show, joined the group. Both harmonica players "got down to it," with wailing, driving solos that complemented each other and King's guitar. This was as it should be, for Cotton, then a sideman with Muddy Waters, was probably the most important influence on Butterfield's harp.

—Continued on Page 22



Paul Butterfield

Music men rave about the world of music knowledge available from the Billboard Bookshelf...



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by George T. Simon
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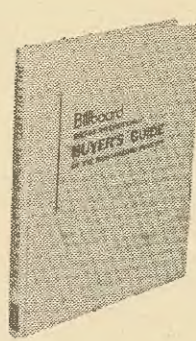
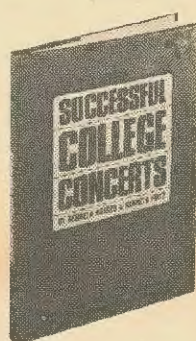
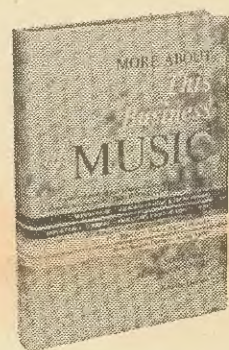
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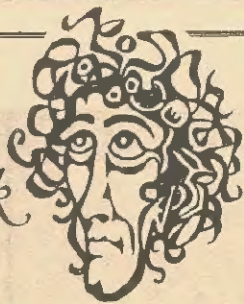
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John J. Rock



Sessions: Jefferson Airplane have been spending time in the studios in Los Angeles, cutting new sides. So far they have finished (and are extremely happy with) a tune by Grace Slick, "Greasy Heart" and one by Marty Balin, "Share A Little Joke." They plan to cut two more songs, pick one of them for single release, and if things are still going well, try for an LP... DINO VALENTI (composer of "Get Together") has finished all his sides for a forthcoming Columbia recording... MOBY GRAPE are also done with their second LP release, a two-record set. One of the records will be called "Outtakes," to consist of tapes they did in New York which they originally planned not to use for a record. Those tapes have long jams with musicians who dropped by the Columbia studios during their dates, including Mike Bloomfield and Al Kooper... CREAM were recently in San Francisco taping their performances at the Fillmore Auditorium for a new LP. Part of the new record will be live; they finished the other tracks in February at Atlantic's New York studios. One of the tracks is a poem written by Ginger Baker, recited to music.

Notes of A Super Groupie: John Phillips says that the Mama's and Papa's are two tracks short of a new album, *Springboard*. More LP's will come whenever he finds time to write the songs for them. John says that the group all get along but they can never get together at the same time: either one of them is pregnant or traveling somewhere but will record every year or so... Mint Tattoo, a new San Francisco trio, has agreed to cooperate with the Institute of Medical Sciences at Pacific Medical Center in a research project on the effect of high levels of volume on hearing.

Al Kooper's new big band, Blood Sweat & Tears, is excellent. He was worried that — because he was using a horn section — he would end up sounding like the Electric Flag or Paul Butterfield — but, lo and behold, he has come up with the most use of brass of them all.

John J. Rock's Question of the Week: When the MAHARISHI goes on tour with the BEACH BOYS (as he told a New York press conference recently) will he wear one of those striped shirts just like Mike Love?

Nothing About Nothing: Derek Taylor, once the Beatles' press agent and currently a PR man for A&M records in Los Angeles, wrote an article titled "L.A.: Where It's At" in a recent issue of the Los Angeles Times. Quoting Derek: "New York says 'West Coast Sound?' and spits. L.A. says 'Hey, Butterfield's coming out here from New York, Bloomfield's on the Coast from Chicago! The Youngbloods are here! And Wow! The Rascals.'"

What the Young Rascals have to do with L.A. (or where it's at) must be Derek's secret, (can keep it, too.) But Butterfield (who is from Chicago, not New York) spends more time in San Francisco than any other single city; Bloomfield and his whole band and the Youngbloods (who moved from New York) all live in San Francisco not L.A.

One more note from Los Angeles: according to "Open City," an underground paper, the Los Angeles Free Press, one of the country's first underground newspapers, has installed a time clock for employees.

For the Record: Frankie Lyman, once the leader of Frankie Lyman & the Teenagers, ("Why Do Fools Fall in Love.") died late in February from an overdose of drugs... Little Walter, the great Chicago harp player once with Muddy Waters, is also dead. All the great names in Chicago blues were at his funeral.

Rock You: Joan Baez has recently finished writing her first book, an autobiography scheduled for release by Dial Press later this summer. The title is "The Sad Carnival."... "Alice's Restaurant," the long song and dance by Arlo Guthrie about various run ins he has had in Massachusetts with the anti-litter laws and with his draft board, has been turned into a paperback to be published by Grove Press with illustrations by Marvin Glass... New face to look for is that of Jackson Browne, a young Southern Californian now in New York. Some of his material is featured on records by Clear Light, and Nico. Browne's old acetates include a few truly mind-boggling melodies.

Big Brother and the Holding Company, just signed to a contract with Columbia Records, have been tearing through an Eastern tour. In Boston they played the Psychedelic Supermarket, a club which combines the least favorable aspects of a basement and a men's gym. The group was messy and a general musical disgrace. The audience seemed to love it.

Notwithstanding, the entire group got drunk at a press party held in New York City where their new CBS contract was announced. They were whooping and hollering like college athletes. Rumor has it that at a private luncheon with the president of CBS Records, one member of the group wanted a pledge of faith from the president and then stood up at the table, took off his overcoat and was stark naked, saying to Clive Davis "Can you dig it?"



Richard Shamach of Eden's Children

PAUL REVERE IS SHAMED: 'BOSSTOWN SOUND' A DUD

—Continued from Page 1
at 12 midnight every Saturday due to local blue laws.) The Tea Party has developed into a consistently well-run outlet for local groups to get professional experience and for national groups to expose themselves locally. It has generally been popular with out of town groups because of the professional treatment they receive from owner Ray Reipon and manager Steve Nelson. Such treatment is not always easy to come by with Boston club owners and managers.

Also in the last year, two new publications have provided outlets for communication among local hippies. One is an underground newspaper not directly concerned with rock, called "Avatar," and the other is a rock magazine called "Vibrations." "Avatar" in particular has served to give the local underground a sense of identity because of the constant struggles it is forced to wage against local police censors.

Nonetheless, one good club and two publications don't make a scene. For that, managers and new groups were needed. (Both the Remains and the Lost eventually split for complete reasons.) Last summer Ray Paret and David Jenks, two enterprising young managers who head Amphion, a management firm, "discovered" a group called the Underground Cinema and took over their management. The group changed its name to Ultimate Spinach and was signed to an independent producer, Alan Lorber, who in turn recorded the group in New York and sold the masters to MGM. Lorber was also signed to handle Orpheus and the soon-to-be-heard-from Butter. Most of the recording was done last October.

Concurrently with this activity, MGM also took on the Beacon Street Union and ABC acquired Eden's Children. Both of these groups had built fairly strong local reputations on the strength of their live performances. The Spinach's reputation derived mainly from mass media exposure through a Pepsi commercial that they did last summer.

Here is a brief run-down on the first four albums to come out of this city.

Ultimate Spinach: This is the best selling of the four albums, with the three week sales figure put at approximately 75,000. The album is, at best, pretentious. On the inside jacket

one is immediately offended by a tasteless insertion that reads: "The first Ultimate Spinach LP is a result of the creative genius of producer Alan Lorber. The ever-changing fabric of sound and unique concept of the album is the high-point of the Lorber career which has been dotted with numerous successes." Presumably, the group can't be held responsible for that. The songs themselves are primarily self-important put-downs which are sung and played with only a minimal level of competence. The style is vaguely derivative of the West Coast with a thick gloss of commercial production for which New York is obviously responsible. I understand that at this time the group is moving in directions which are quite different in their live performances, but as of two months ago their live work wasn't even as good as their record. Judging by any kind of musical standard, this record just doesn't make it.

Orpheus: The second Lorber production is simply a studio job with a large horn and string accompaniment. The original material is good schlock and the vocals are quite good. This is perhaps the least complicated and the most successful of the early Boston releases from a musical standpoint.

The Beacon Street Union: The third of the MGM albums doesn't fare as well. Live, the Union is possibly the best of the four groups. They have been greatly influenced by the Remains and they are capable of a good twenty minutes of "Baby, Please Don't Go." On the album, which was produced by Wes Farrell, most of the virtues of the group are lost and we are given instead some very inept original material which is sung and produced very poorly. Like the Spinach, most of it is extremely pretentious, angry, and self-righteous.

Eden's Children: ABC's contribution contains Boston's most talented lead guitarist (and one of the most talented in the country) Richard Shamach, and Boston's most talented bassist, Rusty Marcus (who is not heard on this album). Like the Union, they waste their talents on original material that is unworthy of them and the result is a boring record which excites only when Shamach really gets into it on guitar.

Among the more talented groups
—Continued on Page 22

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PERSPECTIVES: THE FINAL PAROXYSM OF FEAR

BY RALPH J. GLEASON

"Forms and rhythms in music are never changed without producing changes in the most important political forms and ways," says, of all people, Plato.

The sage continues: "The new style quietly insinuates a greater force . . . goes on to attack laws and constitutions, displaying the utmost impudence, until it ends by overthrowing everything, both in public and in private."

Plato in the two quotations above seems to me to have described quite accurately what is going on in the world today.

It is not a precise nor a clear cut thing in more than an occasional moment but I sense, and sometimes see around me, evidence that these changes are taking place.

That question of the law and marijuana. It really doesn't matter much whether or not grass is better or worse for you than a can of Bud. It doesn't even matter if they are not comparable. The important point is that overwhelming medical evidence indicates grass is, for the average person, not dangerous and may be even beneficial for some (as well as possibly harmful to some others), and that an ever growing number of people not only know this but act upon it and ignore the law.

The law will be changed. I don't know how soon but it is obvious that you cannot enforce it without busting the Establishment's own children (judges' sons, diplomats' sons, ballet dancers, the son of the California Assembly speaker, etc., etc.). Prohibition was unenforceable for precisely the same reason. Too many people.

I don't think that music has lit up the world, so to speak. But I do think that the new music has established a kind of *Stranger in a Strange Land* head community, vibes in concert, thoughts and ideas and concepts changing together.

And I think that the counter-revolution, the last dying gasp of the Logical Generation, its final paroxysm of fear of the unknown, is arriving and will be seen more and more in specific events.

The billboards in Boston and Ohio sponsored by the Mothers, not of Invention, but of America no less. The harassment of hippies on the streets of the East Village, in Chicago, in Los Angeles (where they busted kids on the Beach at Venice for wearing bells . . . noise; for being barefoot on the boardwalk) and in the Haight where they may at any moment shake you down.

At this point in history, the Elders control the apparatus of the state and this is their retaliation against youth for being young, for frightening them by the strength of young limbs, and implying the soon to be expected death of the elders and, in the meanwhile, their sexual impotence.

The cops who do these things are people, of course, but they are people who have been altered by the nature of their jobs, just as the French and Algerians fighting the revolution in Algeria were altered (see Frantz Fanon's *The Wretched of the Earth*). They love to torture the draft objectors, the peaceniks and the hippies in the small, but demeaning and utterly desperate ways. "Rub your eyes, honey" to a girl who has been maced, though that is the danger of mace which they don't tell you about.

We are brutalizing our own society by brutalizing the Vietnamese. A stripper in Saigon quit the business recently because, she said in an interview, the worst audiences (rough, brutal, horrible) were the U.S. Army personnel, including the officers. "Bring on the whore," they cried. If a stripper can't work to them, where are we?

On NBC-TV, they showed the U.S. Army camp in the Carolinas where the Army is running anti-riot drills for cadres of 40 trainees from police and civilian groups. They run a mock riot on a mock, Hollywood set street in a mock town. The soldiers (i.e. anti-riot squads) land in choppers and confront the rioting, car-rocking and window-smashing mob. In the front row we saw the mob leader, long-haired with an Indian headband and denim shirt, on one side was a

placard reading "Ban the Bomb" and on his other side was a second placard reading "Make Love Not War."

Who do they regard as the enemy?

It will get worse, much worse, before it gets better, I believe. (See the story on the Monterey Pop Festival in this issue.) Grown men and women, leaders in a beautiful area of the country, "good people" by all the standard definitions, turn into a snarling mob of hysterical, crazed bigots in the face of long haired girls and boys and rock music. They scream "dope" and "morality" and "open fornication" and then they go home and get drunk while their children gather signatures on petitions to preserve the festival.

As one level-headed man said, "two long-haired kids in a sleeping bag on the Fairgrounds is fornication; two crewcut kids after the high school dance in a motel is 'sexual experience' and their parents, swamped around in a luxury hotel, is 'making love'."

It is morally all right to drink whiskey and run a car into a tree. It is morally wrong to smoke grass and listen to music.

In the Haight-Ashbury on the first warm Sunday, thousands of hippies gathered in the streets. These streets are clogged with traffic every Sunday, bumper to bumper, as the tourists go to see the freaks. The cops were called, clubs wielded, Mace and tear gas used lavishly and almost a hundred arrests were made. The Mayor, whose son had written a hippie play earlier in the winter, called them "neo-fascists" and believed every word the cops said. But the TV cameras had shown the ugliness too well and the civic outcry was too strong, so the following week they roped off the street and let the hippies play. There was no trouble.

As we go to press, a straight citizens group is now trying to stop the Sunday street closing as bad for business. Their business. Lord knows what will happen in a few weeks.

At Fresno State College an English instructor who is outspoken against the pot laws and the war was fired despite almost universal approval of him from teachers and students. In Chico, Calif. 40 people, including the Mayor's son, were busted on John Doe warrants for pot. Huge raids in the Los Angeles area and in other spots are reported.

As I said, it will get worse. This summer the police pressure will unite the hippies, the youth and the blacks into a homogenous group despite themselves. Politics comes from the end of a billyclub. What a field day for the heat.

This is the time of social cusp. The society is going through a kind of delirium tremens period in which it is shaking and spinning and twisting to see if, when it is over, deviants can be tolerated or whether it must be so feared that, like the Marines on the river in Vietnam, anything that moves at night must be shot.

Today this country is divided against itself; black vs. white, young vs. old. The right to be different is at stake and being different threatens those who find safety in sameness, strength in anonymity.

We simply have to face the fact that Hitler was legally elected in Germany and that we hung officers of the German Army for obeying the orders of their legally (by the laws of that state) constituted superiors. All Adolf Eichman did was to obey orders. He was a good soldier, as Thomas Merton has written, and he had no responsibility for the order except to execute it.

No responsibility, of course, except to refuse and if he refused he violated the law. We are, God help us all, in the same boat.

Music, if Plato was right, may save us yet. Certainly no hippie, no folk singer, no long-haired guitar playing rock musician is going to fry us with napalm or blow us all up with the bomb.

This would be a better country if we had Zally as president, to say nothing of the thousands of others.

It is no wonder the Maharishi's following grows. Anything that offers peace in this world is attractive.

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THE ROLLING STONE INTERVIEW: MIKE BLOOMFIELD

Mike Bloomfield is well known as one of the handful of the world's finest guitarists. His first substantial professional experience was with a group known as "the group" in Chicago. Shortly after that he joined the Paul Butterfield Blues Band, did several sessions for Bob Dylan, and then left Butterfield to form his own group, the Electric Flag, which has just released their first album.

This interview was conducted by Jann Wenner at the end of February just before the Flag left for a string of appearances across the country. The taping was done at Michael's home in Mill Valley.

You were telling me that Eric Clapton was a perfect guitarist. What makes you think that?

His attack is flawless, that's one of the things. A perfect musician is dedicated. He has ideas, attack, touch, ability to transmit emotion and ability to transmit his ideas. His ability to transmit his ideas and his emotion logically is kineticism; he can build. Eric does all of these about as well as you can do them. It shows in the area that he plays that his attack is perfect. His tone is vocal; his ideas are superb; he plays almost exclusively blues—all the lines he plays in the Cream are blues lines. He plays nothing but blues; he's a blues guitarist and he's taken blues guitar to its ultimate thing. In that field he's B. B. King cum the Freddie King and Ernie Cahill style of guitar playing. Eric is the master in the world. That is why he is a perfect guitarist. Eric plays in bad taste when he wants to. He can play crappy. But, like, Eric plays almost exclusively perfect.

Does the adaptability of the guitar to the blues account for its popularity as an instrument today?

No, I don't think so. The blues is

a very vocal music, most Afro-American music is very vocal. It's music that's sung. Its fullest form is vocal music more than instrumental music. The best blues is sung blues, not played blues. Like the best gospel music is sung gospel music, not a tune played on a piano. You can reach more people with the human voice so blues is extremely emotional and involved with instruments and minor scales, vibrato and all the things that the voice has. I think that Indian music, any musical form that has kineticism and involvement, that has emotionality to it, is a valid moving musical form. A guitar or orchestra to six strings is suitable for any music.

Most of the young blues guitarists today seem to be playing vocal lines.

It's funny you should mention that because the Procol Harum can play very vocally. They have a very beautiful guitar player, very funky, very bluey guitar player. He plays blues and he plays minor Bach changes.

Then why the popularity of the guitar?

It's got the most commercial soul. Hula hoops once were the most popular thing. The public was masturbating with hula hoops; now it's guitars. Guitars are easy, they're cheap, everybody plays them. Simple, a few chords. That's why they are buying them. There's really no reason at all.

When, how and why did you start playing the guitar?

Well, I was left-handed and I couldn't play well. I took lessons for about a year, a year or so. I learned rhythm. I learned dance band guitar, straight rhythm chops. When I was around fifteen I was a monster rock guitar player: I played Chuck Berry, and I played stuff like "I've Had It." And I tried to play some Scotty Moore solos. I liked to play with dance bands. Some dance bands they had clarinets and things I wasn't hip to anything. Man, all you knew about

electric guitars is that they were loud... And they had a high tone, like I could sound like Chuck Berry and that's all I cared. High, shrill, whatever, I don't know how they did it. I thought the spade cats had some sort of magic device. There was something in rock and roll, all kinds of rock and roll that always moved me: Gene Vincent's rock and roll, hill-billy rock and roll, spade rock and roll. Little Richard moved me much more than anything else. Man, when I first got hip to real soul people singing, real spade music—I mean it was like not at all white oriented—you, know, I don't mean "do wah" music because that really didn't knock me out too much, you know, like really as in Blues Jordan and Charles Gile and over the radio "Deep Feeling" like Chuck Berry, or a B. B. King record that was so heavy and that was soulful—that was where it was at. I couldn't even believe that was music. I couldn't believe...

What guitar players got to you first, as guitar players?

The rock guitar players that got to me first: Gene Vincent's guitar player, Jimmy Burton, Scotty Moore. I dug them first. The first spade guitar player I heard was Chuck Berry. I dug him but I didn't consider him blues oriented. I started hearing blues when I was around sixteen. That was just a whole other thing. Like I was playing the same notes that they were playing but when I would take my solos they weren't the same. I wasn't playing together like them. It was like fast bullshit; it wasn't right at all. And those cats were using the same notes and it was all right. And I just couldn't figure out the difference. It takes a long time to really learn how to play the real shit, knowing where you're supposed to be you see and that's the shit you want to master.

Your major influence is B. B. King, of course.

Well, when I'm playing blues guitar real well—that's when I'm not fooling around but I'm really into something—it's a lot like B. B. King. But I don't know, it's my own thing when there are major notes and sweet runs. You know I like sweet blues. The English cats play very hard funky blues. Like Aretha sings is how they play guitar. I play sweet blues. I can't explain it. I want to be singing. I want to be sweet.

Do you hear yourself in other guitarists?

Millions of them, billions of them. I've heard young kids say "Man, you sound just like B. B." and others say "I've never heard of him, who's he?" I can pick out certain things in what the Rolling Stones play, a few things that I know are exactly the licks that I play. Then I hear guitar players like Jerry Garcia. He sounds amazingly like he's trying to sound like me but I don't think he is. I think he came that way himself.

Do you play any other instruments?

Well, I dig the piano. Once I had a piano, man, and I didn't touch the guitar at all. The piano is a whole other field, a whole different shot. I don't like to sing and play a guitar but I do like to sing and play the piano. I can express myself much easier on it than with other instruments.

Why do you choose to play the guitar then?

Expression, pure expression. Without a guitar, I'm like a poet with no hands. Actually, I can articulate much clearer on the guitar than anything else.

How did you form to The Electric Flag?

I was with Butter (Paul Butterfield) and I flipped out and went crazy. I didn't dig anything. Elvin (Bishop) was really dragged, he wanted to play lead. He was tired of

playing second guitar. I felt it was being shitty and that was a drag. So I quit Butter, backed around for a while and that was more of a drag. I wanted to get a band of my own. Always wanted to and so me and Barry Goldberg put a band together.

We knew this guy named Peter Strassa, that's three, and Nick the Greek [Gravenites], that's four. I knew Nick in Chicago. Harvey [Brooks] volunteered his services. I really didn't dig the way he played but I knew he was supposed to be really good. I'd heard him play folk-rock. Harvey's good. Harvey's learned a lot of how to play funky bass; he's on his way to being a master. Then we met Buddy [Miles]. Buddy's the best fucking drummer in the world, unbelievable. He wanted to play in the band. He asked and we said yes. We had the band and we had hired another horn player who is an amazing organ player. . . . He played horn and then switched over to organ. And that's how I got the band.

We all lived here and I lost my ass—a fortune feeding and housing them. We worked and like the millions of ideas that I had never came true. The band sort of fell into the bag of a soul band because of Buddy's dominant personality. I kinda didn't dig it, but now I really dig it. The band has become an extremely good soul band. That's where it's going. There are a lot of good ideas which will come about eventually if the band gets to know each other. You've got to be thrown together a long time to get close and share knowledge. I thought the whole thing through, planning it out. I'm

radioactive. Put a bunch of people in a room together and break it down and get it together and break all of that personal shit down. You gotta be able to really combine and catalyze yourself when you're playing together. You got to look at the other cat and get off right there. And the people are able to get off because the other cats are getting off behind you and your whole sound and your whole thing. There's got to be that kind of thing going very strongly. It's got to be that one thing, because if that doesn't happen it's all over. You can't make it.

You dug Albert King. You notice his hand is absolutely nothing. They were dead schleps, dead schleps playing behind him and Albert was the only one who really measured up to Albert's own sound. It was like they were old tired blues players and it was a drag. But Albert was exquisite. It was weird to see this exquisitely exciting cat, Albert King, freaking out and all these kids digging him. Here, this whole vast audience of which he was unaware. He's been scuffling around the blues for all these years and his band, who weren't hip to it at all—I mean they didn't even care. It was just a bunch of white faces and that was a drag.

Everybody was willing to cooperate, but the groove has gotta be there. In other words, with Buddy it's very easy to groove. He's mixed up; sometimes it's easy to groove and sometimes it isn't. But when the groove isn't there, it's very hard. Once you establish the feeling, once everyone knows what he has to say, then it just becomes a matter of saying as best as you can say it, because

What about John Court?

No, he's not that hip to rock for all those years. The sound is not as good as it could be for all those records, not as good as a Stones' record, as good as a Beatle's record, as good as a Motown or Stax record.

Those are the standards of the trade and I don't think his records are that good. John did a lot with the Butterfield records. I don't think he's a really groovy producer. I can see other producers who are much groovier, who with those artists would be much groovier. I think Jim Stewart, if not better, would be just as good. Or perhaps Jerry Wexler would be groovier. Something along the lines of the earlier Ray Charles things.

What you need is a cat who will say "well, dig man, you're not playing what's hip; there's a lot groovier bass line; dig what's happening today, why don't you try to get in a funkier heavy beat instead of that old shuffle beat because that's not what's happening; you can better groove with a little more groovy horn line." And that's where a producer should be at.

Are the differences between Butterfield's band and the Flag as easily characterized as the difference between soul music and the blues?

Yeah, not quite that easy. With Paul's band, we always wanted to play like a real professional blues band. The Electric Flag is a real blues band and it's in that bag. You get the soul feeling of Afro-American popular music. The Flag probably handles it about as good as it can be handled . . . and that's what the Flag can do other bands couldn't

thing. Those cats have voices like steel and young leather or something. Otis was so unique, so individual, you know, and like that's where Stax is at.

It's like with Motown, except that Motown is a little more shitty, like, really more and more sugary. Except that Motown is like, well there's hope. Motown is trying to be funky now like with "I Heard It Through the Grapevine." On that they are funkier than blues and playing as about as down home as you can get that's really woodoo music, man, boogaloo music. All music is extremely sophisticated. There's no primitive music made anymore, you know. In popular American music. The most primitive thing I remember hearing was like the Troggs, they were pretty primitive you know.

Do you do any Motown material? I think the one we do is "Uptight." I'd like to do "Reach Out For Me." It's a very soulful song.

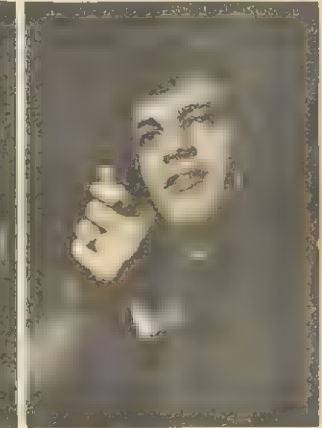
It seems like you do a lot of Stax material.

We do it, yeah. We do it once in a while. We do "Loving You Too Long" That's a Stax thing . . .

You do "Knock on Wood."

No, No we don't do that. I don't know. We don't do many Stax things. I sing a couple of them. We do our own things, dark blues. I want to do all kinds of things, American music. That's our thing, American music, whatever strikes our fancy, whatever there's no staying in one bag when there are way lot more things to do.

Are you interested in modern country music?



very influenced by producers, especially Phil Spector. I think it would be really better if the groups would produce themselves.

There's another thing. The Rolling Stones are a really good band, but, like, I consider them like a boys' band because they don't play men's music. They don't play professional music for men, they play music for young people, and even with their most intelligent material as a stimulant, they play music for the young. Then there's a whole other thing—the masters of music—the Beatles who slowly evolved to music for men with serious patterns and serious and curious ideas. There's no juvenility about it at all. They developed the pop scene And soul music is as serious as you can get, even in its most frivolous moments.

Do you pay the boys in the band as sidemen or share the bread equally?

No one makes money, man. It's completely cooperative.

Are there a lot of hassles in a big band venture?

Millions of them. There's the ego hassles, the personality hassles. One cat is not as good as another cat.

Buddy . . . Buddy is a person who plays well, who sings well. Any band can be centered around him. He's got talent and feeling. It's very easy to get Buddy to be a star. Everybody is very familiar with R&B. It's quite easy to get Buddy over to that area.

That shit is really well ironed out now. We have had some weird changes, really weird changes. Everybody got really bizarre for a while and most of it ironed out. The problem is we're instrumentally really

you really say it right.

Why did you choose "Groovin' Is Easy" for your first single.

We did "Groovin'" because "Groovin'" . . . well for several reasons: One, because I had a really groovy arrangement in mind for it; number two, because groovin' was the thing for a pop record, groovin' all over the place. I figured well we got a pop record. In my opinion "Groovin'" is a great pop record, a really pop record from beginning to end. The horns, the guitar, the drums. I think the voice is a little old-timey, but it's a pretty groovy record and that's why we chose it. When we came out of the studio and we heard it, we thought it was really good. I mean it blew our minds. Beautiful, big, lovely. I think it's the best thing we are ever going to do, pop-wise. But it wasn't released right which was a drag.

Who produced it?

We produced "Groovin'" ourselves.

What do you think of some of the current producers? What do you get from them?

I would like to be personally produced by Jerry Ragavoy in New York. He's one of the greatest soul producers I've ever heard. John Simon, he produced some Dylan stuff. He's very heavy. Phil Spector, George Martin, cats like that know everything. They know every line, every cue, every idea. Every bit of percussion. They can constantly come up with original ideas. They understand the idiom; they understand the history of rock and roll; they know the board like they know their hands. It's an instrument to them. They know every sound.

do Paul's band had a unique thing: Paul could blend certain talents to make the unique sound that is the Butterfield Band and which it has today but the sound of the Butterfield Band is really more standardized than it was when I was playing with it. I played further out riffs. Now it's a little more standardized except they freak out a bit, sort of a not-really-jazz but jazz-oriented on some things. I don't know. In my opinion, our band is sort of leaving them behind. In ours a lot of ideas — as well as personalities have blended together.

Herbie, our organ player, is a monster on keys, really heavy. He will get to be just as good as anybody. He plays like Hendrix plays guitar.

Some of your best stuff is Stax material. Even though your group is larger and more complex, do you find a strong similarity in your group to the Stax house band?

No, because they have a very weird concept of exactly what they want to do in just the area where they're working. They are directed and guided by a different combination of talents. Duck Dunn, Al Jackson. They have been playing that way since they were in high school together. Seven years is a good thing. Look at the Beatles going on for years. Stax will go on; Nashville will go on. The reason is that they bothered to find really good things. They bothered to find the best possible. When I first heard "Hold On, I'm Coming," well I heard a new type of singing. I mean Sam and Dave. I mean I hadn't heard anything like that since I heard some of those cats on Arhoolie Records or some

Yeah, of course, because Harvey and I really dig it. I know a lot about it. I played with bluegrass bands. I really love country music. I'm really into it. I adore it. I love country singing and writing, and it's styles. Today it's better than ever, except that today there's stuffing it with strings and stuff. Cats in that field are beautiful, like the young Buck Owens imitators.

The cats after Buck, Merle Haggard, David Houston, Tammy Wynette, great, great singers. I definitely want the band to that music, I really want to do American music. Have you ever dug Lomax Mack or "Where There's a Will There's a Way," or "Why Not Tonight?" by Jimmie Hughes? That's like country music, but it's soul music too. It would be a little of each; it would be an intelligent hybrid. Like I dig the horns to play like steel guitar.

Have you any interest in the sitar?

No, I can't give up my life. You know I'd have to sit down and just do that. Man, it's too heavy.

Jerry Garcia incorporates a country picking style into his playing and the Dead do a couple of fine rocked-up country songs. Have you ever wanted to incorporate country sounds in that way?

Sure, I fucking love country music. I love it. There's really dimensional form. I like it all, I like even the the most insipid period of country music, country swing. Are you hip to that? . . . Spade Cooley and Bob Willis and the Country Playboys whatever or Texas Playboys. I dig walks, chicken walks, stuff like that.

I could play almost every song, man, I know country music up the

ass on the guitar. I could play about every country style guitar there is: old Flatt, picking, Travis picking, Chet Atkins, right on down to chicken picking. I have played a lot of country music. I have played it for years I could put it into my guitar playing, but I don't want to I won't play country music. Well, one of our tunes has it in there. I'll play country music, when we play country music. I sort of prefer to remain relatively valid to the idiom unless it adds to idiom like when Ray [Charles] does country music. I would put country guitar into the same way Ray does country music. When Ray does country music man, it was good spade-oriented country music.

Do you see the differences between soul music and the blues?

Absolutely, the difference is quite clear. Soul is from the church; soul music's whole trend has singing like church music, no snaps, melisma, a lot of notes. Monosyllabic singing, extreme virtuosos of the voice. It's right after gospel singing...

And Aretha is the perfect representation of that.

Of course, man, she's a monster. She's like the best of that type of singer. But all the new soul singers man, all the best, like Sam and Dave, all sing like fucking preachers. They're gospel singers is what they are. Blues is secular, not religious, right? Blues is a secular music. It's a bar music. It's a simpler thing you know. Even the blues today is getting kind of soulful. I don't mean soulful. I mean gospel-oriented. It's decidedly different structure-wise, right

think there are groups that are better than that... like the blindboys, they're really groovy. The Soulstirrers are another, they are really heavy Little Richard is a very poor gospel singer.

How did you get involved with the blues? What was happening then in Chicago from which so much new blues talent has come?

Well, I'll tell you a little bit about the Chicago blues scene, the white Chicago blues scene. The whole story as best as I can remember it. Now what originally went down, the first cats I knew on the scene—there were several areas, where there were people interested in blues in Chicago—the collectors, and the record cats, the historians and the discoverers who somewhere in their life realized that they were living in a city that was fraught with the real shit—all the old cats on the records that had moved out of Pigeonfoot, Georgia—and had ended up in Chicago. And I was one of those cats, like Bob Kessler and Pete Welding. There were a whole lot of people. And then there were cats around who were folkies, esoteric folkies, who put blues among other esoteric, ethnic folk music.

Was Charles Keil one of those cats?

Charlie Keil, yeah, Charles was one of those cats. And then there were a very few cats who dug blues because they were living in that neighborhood and there were nothing but spades around and they dug hanging out in the bars. And there were a few cats like that. The first cat on the scene that I picked up on—the old granddaddy of the white Chicago

about where the scene was at and I didn't know many people, I just knew Paul and Nick and Elvin (who was working with Paul at that time) and a few folkies. Then when I was around eighteen this cat, Charlie Mussewhite, came up from Memphis and he dug blues too. He was from an old blues scene at home in Memphis. Mostly it was like Paul's scene, in which he hung around with Furry Lewis and other old blues singers. I was also pretty much, by this time, pretty blues conscious.

I was managing this club and every Tuesday night I'd try seriously to have concerts with Muddy Waters and Sleepy John Estes, all the blues singers in Chicago that I could get hold of, that I'd ever met or tried to meet. I tried to get especially the rare cats.

I was around eighteen and got this band together. We played a year with Big Joe Williams. I played piano with them and Charlie played harp. Eventually Joe left and when we worked there, we played nothing but blues.

The band was Charles, and this cat from the Sopwith Camel named Norman Mayall who is from Chicago, yeah... and this bass player who was from a Roy Rogers' band. Mike Johnson was the name of our lead guitar player. He was sort of a rock player, he sang rock and roll. When we got together we didn't play nothing but blues and we weren't real good, but we had a lot of feeling.

After that I left that club and went to another club, after playing there for a year, and gave Butter my gig there. I said, "Listen, my gig's done there, why don't you work there?"

cats in Steve's band.

The thing is all the Chicago musicians played the blues and all the other cats were imitators. We were playing right along with them and an imitation just could not do. It had to be the real thing, it had to be right. They had to stand up. It was Buddy Guy playing just two doors down from you. You wanted to burn him if you could, you know, you just wanted to get up there and burn him off the stage. I think it was very healthy.

What professional bands did you play with or sit in with at that time?

Millions of them. It would take a day to give you all the names. I didn't play with as many as many cats did, because I got my own band. I stayed with them for two years. We were signed John Hammond and we recorded for Columbia. And it was really weird... we looked like the Stines then you know... really long hair... and outlandish clothes... this was years before the Stones and it was never issued. They never issued a fucking track that we cut.

Did you play with about all the major blues men?

Millions of them, really, millions of blue cats. I played with them, I was helped by them. There are pictures of them on my wall; different cats who are special friends. Like Big Joe Williams, he was like a father, a close friend. With cats like Muddy, man, it's like seeing your old uncle. Seeing Muddy on the road or at a gig or something, it's like giging with the whole family or something, with your older brothers and uncles or something like that.



down the line. Soul songs preach a sermon, tell the story... blues tell the story, but it's much more accurate, it's like a newspaper. It says 'this is what happened.' There's not that much velocity involved. It's more accurate reporting maybe using different words... while soul music is really different you know it's more of a preaching, Joe Tex, velocity. It's like "The Love You Save." Just a beautifully, superbly written music for the Negro masses. Soul music is more behind the church.

Has this led you into the purer forms of Gospel music?

Lately, man, yeah I've gotten extremely into Gospel music, just plain Gospel music. That's my favorite music today in the whole world. I think that's the most happening thing in the world now. It was the best singing in all of American music, those are the best. I mean Gospel singers, real good Gospel singers, they have the same voice, like Yma Sumac, or like an opera singer, except they sing in a more funky way. I find like listening to Eddie Jackson. Oh man... I'll play you a record by the Swan Silvertones. Man, the voices are unearthly.

What singers and groups would you recommend for someone who was interested in learning about gospel forms?

I would recommend the Silvertones, Blindboys, any of those groups, they're all top notch gospel groups. The Staple Singers are a little hokey for my taste. Now, they are very good, they have their own thing. They're real folk, too. Mavis is about as exciting a female singer as ever walked on this earth. It's just that I

blues scene—was Nick the Greek. Nicholas was from the West Side man, a very tough Polish neighborhood, like they were smoking reefer. And the next cat down there on the really tough scene was Butter [Butterfield] and like Butter wanted to play harp. And he went down there when he was a young man, right down on the street which was the hardest fucking scene in the world, the baddest, filled with bad motherfuckers. He went down there. Butter went down there with his harp and sucked up to Junior Wells, and Cotton and Little Walter. After a bit Butter got better than them. At that time Butter was going to the University of Chicago, but he spent most of his time on the street and I felt that for all practical purposes, Butter was just a tough street spade—like Malcolm X—a real tough cat, man.

At that time I was hanging around the folk scene, with the ethnic folks freaking out with "Little Sandy Review," flipping out with Gary Davis and Lightning Hopkins and folk music. Oh man, everything from Woody Guthrie to the country blues. That's where I was at. But basically my heart really belonged down there, with blues singing. Because that was like rock and roll but only a million times better. That was the real thing.

When I was around eighteen years old I had been sort of messing around and Paul sort of accepted me. Well, he didn't really accept me at all, he just sort of thought of as a folkie Jew boy, because like Paul was there and I was just sort of a white kid hanging around and not really playing the shit right, but Paul was there man. I guess that was

Butter had a band that had a sound all its own, an out of sight band, the best band to ever come down in that area, tight, tough, blew everybody's mind. So Butter played there. And right after that, cats started saying that the white groups were really getting down to it, because the rules had been laid down: you had to be as good as the spades in town; you had to be as good as Otis Rush, you had to be as good as Buddy Guy, as good as Freddie King, whatever instrument you played at that time, you had to be as good as they were. And who wanted to be bad on the South Side? Man, you were exposed all over I mean right in that city where you lived, in one night you could hear Muddy Waters, Howling Wolf, Buddy Guy, Otis Rush, Big Walter, Little Walter, Junior Wells, Lloyd Jones, just dozens of different blues singers, some famous, some not so famous. They were all part of the blues, and you could work with them if you were good enough. If you wanted to gig, that's where you went and that's where you worked, and like all these cats, man, these white kids in Boston, like Geoff Muldaur was playing the blues, and in New York Bob Dylan and his cats were playing their thing of the blues.

But like in Chicago they were playing the real blues because that's where they were working; they were working with the cats. Corky Siegal, and Jim Schwall, who are not really good, worked a year in Pepper's Lounge, one of the funkiest clubs, for a year as a novelty act. Corky played the drums and the piano. Applejack, cats you don't know about, Chicago Slim, and Steve Miller and all the

It's a very close thing. The older cats have gotten a lot of work because the younger cats have talked about them, and said "man, you think I'm good, you should hear cats like Little Walter... man that cat can play harp." That what Butter said.

It's like me with B. B. They're at the Fillmore now. Man, they wouldn't be at the Fillmore if there weren't cats talking about them. The main reason you talk about them is because you love them. I know I love them. These cats who were so groovy to teach me and they were so groovy because they weren't satisfied with just the little white boy playing those licks. You had to be good in order for them to dig you. They just weren't happy, they weren't grabbed, just to see a white cat playing that music. That wasn't where it was at. It was when a white cat socked it to them. They'd yell at the right time and say that was the real shit. That's so good, man!

Do you get educated response from white audiences?

No, man, hell no. White people, are well, yeah I'm getting it now, so many people at the Fillmore and the Avalon have heard B. B. King at the Regal. They've heard enough live albums to know what's happening. But hell man, it's a call and response thing; you've got to know the vernacular. You gotta know what's going down. In an Indian thing you've got to know when a cat played a good way. If you were at a fuck-a-thon, you'd have to know when a good fuck went down to know what's happening. These kids don't know; they know a good show, they know when

you're down on your knees because they can see, (he's down on his knees) so something is happening.

But like when Buddy sings a line man, that just wrenches your heart out, when he bends his voice about ten fucking ways, goes from falsetto to bass, oh man, it just soothes your soul. For the first five years I remember that when I listened to records I didn't listen to anything but the guitar. I wouldn't even listen to records with horns on them, and that's where a lot of kids' heads are at. They just hear certain things; but to understand the whole vernacular, the whole mystique, the whole thing, that's a whole different thing.

Do you get good response from black audiences?

I don't know. We've never played for strictly spade audiences. We're good. We're a good rock and soul band; we get good responses from almost anybody because we cook real hard, honestly. I think people like to see extravagantly planned plays, like the Who and Jimi. Like passion plays.

Much like the way Buddy sings "I've Been Lovin' You Too Long"?

Yeah, a play, exactly. Very much like James Brown falling to the ground with a cape thrown around his A revival, a play. People like spectacles. In my opinion one of the most pleasing spectacles is to see a band playing their asses off, hard as they can, you can see them grinning. You can feel it driving you nuts and all that good hard driving energy. That's why I dig the Young Rascals. And that's especially what a spade audience thinks.

You said that "there's no white

but by completely immersing himself in the environment, and in the competition of the environment, now it is.

How did you come to join his band?

Oh, well, I went to Magoo's and Butter was going to make a record and he wanted someone to play slide guitar on the record and I could play slide. He brought Paul Rothchild to listen to me and I played on the record.

I didn't dig Butter, you know. I didn't like him; he was just too hard a cat for me. But I went to make the record and the record was groovy and we made a bunch more records. One thing led to another and he said "Do you want to join the band?" And it was the best band I'd ever been in. Sammy Lay was the best drummer I ever played with. But whatever I didn't like about Paul as a person, his musicianship was more than enough to make up for it. He was just so heavy, he was so much. Everything I dug in and about the blues, Paul was. There he was, a white cat as tough as he could be and it was a gas. So we went to Newport right after that and I was going to play with Dylan, you know, it was a choice between Dylan and Butter and I chose Butter because that's where my head was. That kind of music.

Who do you think are the best blues musicians? The top two or three cats?

Ray and B.B. I mean I could name a million cats, but there's no one better than Ray Charles or B. B. King. They are the last word.

Do you consider yourself primarily

a why it's kinda unhealthy, it's kinda Uncle Tommy. When she sings Dr. Feelgood, that's where she's at. While the Supremes are the other thing, you know they're the urban Negro, airline stewardesses or something like the Kim Sisters. So like it's a very weird sociological thing.

Soul music is more popular now than it ever was before. Do you think this will be the direction of rock and roll and dominate all styles?

No. Just as important are long head pieces. Soul music is heart music, it's not head music. Just as happening are Simon and Garfunkel.

Then there's the hybrid. There's the English soul, you know, Procul Harum with their soulful voices. No, I don't think it's going to be the trend; I don't think it will ever get to the white heart, the big record buyer, the white adolescent heart. He just can't amplify his movement enough. You know, he can dig it and love it and buy it, and dance to it and boogaloo to it, and shake himself, and come with his girlfriend to it. But that's not where his head is. Because when he goes to bed, when he or she goes to bed, at night, it's Herman who she wants to be fucking. Certainly not Sam and Dave or Albert King. And I think that basically that's where they identify. You know, kids can identify with wild funky shit. They much more readily identify sexually and personally with a white person than like with Otis...

What you're saying is that it comes down to a racial thing.

I think yeah, it's definitely a racial thing. I think kids are to the point... like kids around today

There's a whole host of white soul bands that are completely unheard of. No one has ever heard of them. Like Lane Cochran and the C. C. Riders. Millions of them, all over the south and the mid-west, who play nothing but Top-40 soul music, with horns and singing it just like the record.

Like Mitch Ryder?

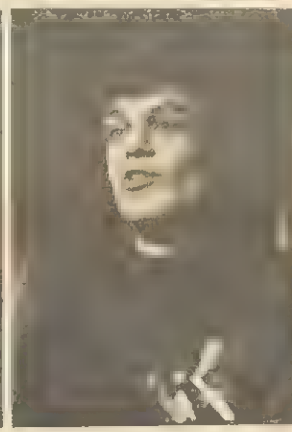
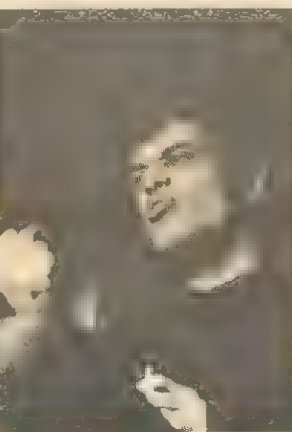
Exactly, but heavier than Mitch, way better than Mitch. Years man, this has been happening in America for years. Bill Haley was one of the first of those type bands, like Joe Turner sort of. Those cats play the same circuit of lounges in Vegas and Miami. I don't know, I run into them and they play fabulous. Really professional, but they play that Top-40 shit. They stay with whatever is happening at the time because they really don't have it. I mean, like once in a while you hear a group like the Vanilla Fudge, you know just these guys from New York, who can really follow that New York Italian pattern, you know Dion and the Belmonts or Jay and the Americans, who are Jewish, but fell into that same pattern. Sort of a Four Seasons type of thing but they didn't. They took after the Rascals, they took a little of their own personalities.

Do hear much of interest in jazz?

Sort of. I tried. I didn't dig it. I mean it's fantastic musicianship, very heavy, but I really don't dig it that much.

The thing that strikes me is that it's so "tired."

Yeah, it's over. I'm much more folk-oriented — I want someone to speak to me on clearly definable



bullshit with Butterfield." He's set apart from all the rest of the white Chicago cats—why?

It's amazing. It's a sociological thing. He did it by so adapting himself to that environment, that he turned over, that he transformed, changed and anything that's in his background, is completely dissolved, by the earnest and the complete tough masculinity of the street. The world of the street, that dog eat dog world. He met it on its own terms and that set him apart. Very few other cats have gone through that experience and that's what set Paul apart. That's what I noticed about him immediately, he was there.

It's hard to put into words what the real blues is and what it isn't. It's when there's an absolute confidence about it and you're not studiously trying to cop something; you're not listening to a Robert Johnson record and trying to sound like it, you are merely playing the most natural music for you, the music you can play. If Paul opens his mouth to sing it would have to be blues, because that's his thing. That's the most natural thing for him to play. It's like breathing for him. He picked it up fast and just got better and better. And that's why I say there's... it's a very entertaining sight. That's why I dig Otis, or the Vanilla Fudge, they work very hard. That's one thing white people who have seen us really dig: when we are playing good, we play our asses off. And it sounds good. We're really digging it, and digging it is a necessary white bullshit. It's just completely natural. At one time maybe it wasn't

a bluesman or a rock and roll star?

In my own head, I'm a bluesman, because that's what I play the best and that's what I dig the most and can play the most authoritatively. I think finally, at last, I've reached an understanding about and with my guitar. I just know all about it now. I finally know all about it. As a music form and as a social scene, man I just know it, it's in my heart. But yeah, I am a rock and roll star.

Why did you leave Butterfield?

I flipped out. And like Elvin was uptight. So I left and when I went home, it was even worse. And besides, I wanted to get a hand of my own. I had a lot of ideas that are mine. I saw cats like Buddy who is so heavy I was content to do Buddy's thing. It's such a pleasure. It was a delight just to play that music. Like I really didn't know shit from soul music. I didn't know anything about it. I never even listened to it before. I just dug blues.

You're of course hip to Aretha. She's operating in the same area as your band.

I don't think she is really. She's more New York than she is Memphis because her records don't sound like the Memphis sound. They are a little more complex. She's very gospel. Aretha is the last word. She's the best female R&B singer. The Supremes have syrupy voices and Martha's all right... but Aretha will sock it to you; she's the hardest of them all. She has the most dynamic voice, the most engaging style. She's sexy, she's a red hot mama. She's not slick or anything; She's just soul. In

are very much more enlightened, they smoke pot you know and they're enlightened to a great deal more sounds, sonority. They can be moved by many other things. It's musical value; like many kids wouldn't listen to spade groups a few years ago, "Why listen to a spade group? Let's go listen to beautiful Frankie Avalon." Now they'll listen to a lot of things. I think it's racial, but America is racial. It's a basic problem of identification. You must identify with something you can identify with. Kids can identify with the Beatles very easily.

Are bands like yours, Steve's, and even Paul's headed in an electronic direction?

They are headed in the direction of the amalgamation of the personality between the bands. We've all heard the same licks; Steve, me, Paul, the English cats, we've all dug the same things, we've all dug the same records. If you question me or Steve Miller or Butter, or Eric, we probably all have the same favorite records basically and we've dug the same thing. It's the same influences that have come out.

Each cat has its own way of saying the same things. Whoever has dug more of different type of things, that's going to be where he's at. You take a little baby and put him in a white cotton box and he'll have a very limited horizon. You take someone who's dug a lot of ways and that's going to come out in his music. He's going to come on with a lot more than a cat who's only been listening to one kind of music. So it's very hard for me to predict.

terms, that I understand with very little oblique shit.

Do you do much song writing?

Yeah. I write sometimes like Stax songs. I wrote one we did on our album. It's for Steve Cropper. I do all kinds of song writing.

How did you end up doing the sessions on Highway 61?

Well, I met Dylan at this funny little club called the Bear in Chicago just after his first album came out. The liner notes described him as a real hot shot, you know, a real great guitar player. And I heard the album and it sounded just shitty. He came to Chicago and I welcomed the opportunity to go down there and cut him. So I went to see him in the afternoon to talk to him and he was really nice. He was just so nice. I saw him at a few parties and then out of the clear blue sky, he called me on the phone to cut a record which was "Like a Rolling Stone." So I bought a Fender, a really good guitar for the first time in my life, without a case, a Telecaster, and that's how. He called me up.

And then?

Then I went with Butter and it was over until the next session. Dylan is very weird about loyalty you know. Like he sort of felt I belonged with him and I did too. But I didn't. He's a very weird cat. Albert manages both of us. Like when I played with Bob, I didn't know anything about that kind of music. But I think I could play with a him a lot better now.

The conclusion of The Rolling Stone Interview with Mike Bloomfield will be carried in the next issue.



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WE'RE ONLY IN IT FOR THE MONEY



BY BARRET HANSEN

We're Only In It For the Money,
The Mothers of Invention,
(Verve V6/5045)

Frank Zappa is a supreme genius of American music today. A direct function of this fact, perhaps, is the incredible obstacle course that each of his albums has had to follow between recording and release. One, *Lumpy Gravy*, hasn't made it at all. And it has been a good four months since this album was first advertised in the press.

Those four months have brought many delights, but now once again it is Zappa's turn to claim our full attention. To lay it on the line, the Mothers' new album is the most advanced work to be heard in rock today. Whether it is the best is a moot point—how would you compare it with, for instance, Otis Redding. But Zappa's ingenuity in conception of form, in innovation of recording techniques, and in the integration of vastly differing types of music, beggars all competitors. His rhythms and harmonies are truly sublime, and his lyrics contain the most brilliant satire in the whole pop world.

He is the only man in the whole business who could get away with coming on the way he does. I'm referring mainly to the *Only Money* cover which is, of course, a spoof on Sgt. Pepper. But it's more than a spoof. You must look at it side by side with the Sgt. Pepper cover to see what heavy things the Mothers are saying. While paying the Beatles the supreme tribute of parody, the Mothers are also putting the gods of Liverpool in a slightly less exalted light than we've been used to seeing them in. Suddenly the Beatles look much too pretty, and not a little bit plastic in all those satin uniforms. And from the lyrics inside we read:

I'm gonna tell you the way it is

And I'm not gonna be kind or easy.

—“Harry, You're a Beast”

Zappa, the free-wheeling experimentalist of *Freak Out* and the hilarious wit of *Absolutely Free*, has in this terrifying year of 1968 given us a message album. His humor is sharper and drier than ever, but now it's as grim as the headlines. A repeated theme is that of the World War II Japanese relocation centers, allegedly being prepared for the incarceration of socially and/or politically undesirable American citizens.

Concentration moon

Over the camp in the valley . . .

Most of the lyrics are slightly less grim than this, and Zappa provides plenty of belly laughs as he takes deadly aim on American Womanhood, “Bow Tie Daddy,” “Flower Punk,” the San Francisco scene, and many other people and places. Though the Establishment gets well roasted, Zappa saves his sharpest jabs for “hippies,” brutally exposing the irrelevance of much of their world. “Flower power sucks,” a voice says, and many other voices on this disc say the same thing more subtly. Zappa never lets your mind get too far away from ugly reality, as war, murder, police, Nazis crop up frequently in many contexts. One song, “Mom & Dad,” is so grim that it leaves the realm of humor altogether for a moment, and it seems quite evident that Zappa has suffered a momentary lapse in taste. Perhaps he got carried away with this morbid story of a girl slain by policemen, perhaps he only wanted us to think so.

The timeliness of Zappa's message, the accuracy of his barbs, the consummate wit of all his writing tend to make the Beatles' lyrics look vacuous by comparison. But we must be aware that this tendency represents only one point of view. (A point of view pretty close to the Communist doctrine of art in service of the revolution.) The Beatles represent beauty for its own sake. And what purpose does a revolution serve other than making our lives, or someone's lives, more comfortable and more beautiful? If the Beatles were denied us, we'd have a lot less to live for, even in the most utopian of new societies.

With that cover, the Mothers are challenging Lennon, McCartney & Co. musically as well as ideologically. If the music on *Only Money* were anything less than titanic, the whole idea would appear rather ridiculous.

Among the great creators of pop music today, Zappa is one of a select few who developed a vastly sufficient musical language for himself without the aid of the Beatles. His original environment was the rhythm & blues vocal group sound of the 1950's—especially the El Monte Legion Stadium variety that produced the Penguins, the Medallions, Marvin & Johnny. Zappa came to know the scene intimately both as spectator and par-

ticipant. Later, he became deeply involved in contemporary classical music. He has written many pieces of instrumental music, ranging from piano sonatas to that large orchestral work, *Lumpy Gravy*, recorded (for Capitol) but never released. His major influence in this field was probably Edgar Varese, a good selection of whose compositions for instruments and tape machines is available on Columbia (MS 6146).

Only Money contains by far the largest dose of composed electronic music ever heard on a rock record. Note that Zappa's electronic music is not at all the same thing as what Jami Hendrix makes by skillfully manipulating the natural malfunctions of guitar amplifiers. Zappa's sounds are put together as painstakingly as a symphony. A few seconds of sound on this album will often represent hours of work on the part of Zappa and his recording engineers, using roomfuls of sophisticated equipment, and the results of years of experimentation, to create the most powerful and appropriate possible sound.

Six minutes at the end of side 2, and substantial shorter segments on both sides, are filled with such sounds, alone and in combination with “live” instrumental sounds. Perhaps the most striking are the tones that begin and end the six-minute segment (which incidentally is supposed to represent an experience at “Camp Reagan,” a penal colony for nonconformists). The manipulation of levels on the two stereo channels produces a really alarming effect, especially through speakers with heavy bass response.

There are many other effects in the engineering and editing which border on electronic music. Much of the editing also is analogous with the editing of modern cinema. There are many brief interludes where speaking voices are heard, often electronically altered. Speech, music, and sounds are all collaged together in bits of all sizes and shapes. At the end of the first side two conversations (one on each channel) are carried on simultaneously, along with the music. The editing throughout the disc is so rapid-fire as to allow the listener no peace.

The closest we get to respite from this is when the Mothers go into a song. Actually the songs themselves are the least revolutionary part of

the album. Musically they fairly well resemble the songs on *Absolutely Free*. “Let's Make the Water Turn Black,” “The Idiot Bastard Son” and several others are well into the *Absolutely Free* groove, which could well be called the only tenable contemporary approach to the musical comedy idiom. Beside these, and the electronic things, we have one sterling example of Zappa's writing in the oldtime rock idiom—“What's The Ugliest Part of Your Body.” The juxtaposition of 1968 ideas to 1954 music is absolutely perfect.

The purely instrumental (meaning guitars, bass, drums) aspect of the Mothers' music is less in evidence on this album than on its two predecessors, both of which had a fair bit of jamming and soloing. Save for an amazing flash of Clapton at the beginning, guitar is mostly used for rhythm only. But Roy Estrada's bass and the double drums (Billy Mundi and Jimmy Carl Black) are with us fairly constantly, and are fairly constantly fantastic. “Flower Punk” (a burlesque of “Hey Joe”) has them cutting some really hairy rhythms just like 1 2 3.

The voices also go through some changes. Mostly speed changes. About half the time, they are sped up in various degrees, as part of the whole electronic circus. In fact, there is for my taste just a taste too much of speeded-up vocal sound. The Donald Duck voices certainly make a point, but they satirize more eloquently when the little nuances can be heard at regular speed.

In the right circumstances, the first hearing of this album could well be the most profound record-listening experience a person has ever had. In a day when the term is tossed around very lightly, this album will assuredly and genuinely “blow your mind.” The long-range effects, however, may not be quite as strong, for the Mothers depend an awful lot on shock value, and after twenty listenings there isn't so much shock value any more. The Beatles, and a lot of groups who couldn't hold a candle to Zappa for pure genius, do settle down in your mind much better with repeated hearings. There is much in rock music that is essential, that the Mothers do not, cannot, do not attempt to offer. But at the forefront of total creativity they stand alone.

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they cannot withstand. Settlements, compromises and arrangements are made only to fall apart.

This political science casebook story would appear ridiculous at first, but the issue is not dope or "open fornication," but has become an inhumane fight of a vestigial collection of public officials—numbering in the dozens—against a citizenry which never really elected them (over 10,000 Monterey residents have signed pro-Festival petitions) that stands with at least the music—if not the ethic—of youth, Phillips characterized it as "the showdown of Monterey."

One of the City Council members who is for the Festival—in reply to the anti-Festival attacks of Monterey's mayor—best summarized the illogical outcry: "The real problem is that the young people it attracts have long hair and funny clothes and are somehow different and we don't understand them so we don't want them. Isn't that right?"

The local newspaper—the Monterey Peninsula Herald—carried two stories last February 19, one with the news that the festival would probably happen again, and another next to it which began: "Almost like Horatio at the Bridge, Monterey Mayor Minnie D. Coyle symbolically stood at the city gates last night ready to protect the citizenry from the 'flower children.'"

And so it began to happen in Monterey: a bizarre enactment of the entire American tragedy. And the absurdity of it is that this spiteful collection of "officials" of an ordinarily insignificant community has, by an accident of geography, been able to so far prevent the festival, intimidate honest men, and involve themselves and their petty bourgeois hatreds in an event of worldwide importance and stature.

One can best understand the significance of this through the eyes of John Phillips—until recently, living off the fat of the land in the Virgin Islands and Greenwich Village—who has, in Monterey, been playing the part of the congenial, eager to please, compromising and reassuring, and smiling-smiling-smiling "ambassador of pop."

Phillips and Lou Adler, along with various members of the Mama's and Papa's including his wife, Michelle, spent the previous six months traveling around the world. According to him, whenever they went, people wanted to know about the Monterey Pop Festival ("They don't ask about the group anymore; they just want to know about Monterey.")

He and Adler had been undecided about getting involved in another festival: other cities had asked them to come, there were just too many hassles to face, a number of imitators were trying to put on festivals, none of them with any hope of matching Monterey. But that trip brought home the nature of what had taken place last June; like everyone else who was there or who knew about it, the Monterey Pop Festival was just so "beautiful" that it had to happen again.

On March 1, Phillips and Adler returned to Monterey for the first time since the Pop Festival. To Adler, "it was a fact finding trip. We came to see what the opposition was about and what they wanted." Somehow the anxiety of Fairground manager Wise, the passion of Sam Karas—a local businessman who had helped the Festival last year and was now running a petition and lobbying campaign for another Festival—and the local radio, television and newspaper reporters awaiting them, seemed unnecessarily worried. It was, after all, just a few people to see, a few hands to shake, a few plans to make, and back to Los Angeles to begin the real work for another Pop Festival.

The first stop was a noontime rally at Monterey Peninsula College where several hundred students were waiting to hear Phillips. He really didn't want to go—and someone even told him that the paper would say he was starting demonstrations like Mario Savio—but he did go.

At the college he was greeted by Bob Siler, a student, who was an usher at last year's festival. Siler

told Phillips: "We already have over a thousand signatures on our petition. They're not just students, they are businessmen and older people, too. My Mom, I told her we were starting a 'People For Pop' campaign and she told me I better not. She's on the 'Stop The Pop' committee. She wasn't even there last year. That's the kind of people we're up against, like my Mom."

The most important stop was at the executive offices of Del Monte Properties (the company which has the most substantial holdings on the Monterey Peninsula other than the

government, including the Seventeen Mile Drive, the Del Monte Country Club and several million dollars worth of real estate and influence.) Phillips and Adler had come to talk with Tim Michaud, the president of the company and the chairman of the Pop Festival's Monterey Citizens Committee.

If it could be said that there is one man without whom it would be impossible to return the Festival to Monterey, it is Tim Michaud, a socially well-connected Republican, and apparently the only person in that whole section of California who has

the emotional remove from the piddling nature of the local scene to put the politics, pressures and positions in the perspective required to make the right move.

Monterey Mayor Minnie Coyle is a heavy-set spinster with tinted hair whose attacks against the Festival do not seem to be from fear of the unknown but from a curiously personal motive. Last year she asked to be put on the Pop Festival's all-star Board of Governors. Phillips turned her down. This year she seems to want her revenge on Phillips and all the beautiful people who left her behind. Around her rallied the opponents of the Festival.

On Monday afternoon the Fairground Board met. Michaud was not there. On one side of the open meeting sat three rows of police officers, mayors, a Sheriff and what seemed like a majority—but in fact was not one—of the local government. One by one they spoke, alternating with speakers from the other side of the room where sat Sam Karas, Bob Siler and other students and some parents gathered around Adler and Phillips.

Within the hour an open hearing had turned into a debate. Control of the meeting was taken over by a man who flung down photographs of "open fornication," a District Attorney who lost control of himself after reading a quotation from Lincoln, a police chief who threatened the Board with refusal to provide any men if they allowed the fair, the head of the local Motel Association who said that most of his members would have no rooms available for the Pop Festival and Pete Arthur, a squat, swarthy man who carries himself like a butcher, the editor of the local newspaper. His editorials and the attitude of his publication had done as much as anything to inflame the community.

Phillips was scheduled to be last speaker. He began a soft-spoken account of last year's festival and this year's objections. Almost at once he was bombarded, not with questions, but accusations, personal attacks, name-calling and an unmistakable form of bitterness. (Later he called it an "inquisition.")

Neither Phillips nor the President of the Board could control the audience. Phillips made the mistake of fighting back, and he was called a "liar." The big city celebrity stood before them like a pack of sharks, they tasted Phillips' blood. And they went for the kill.

(The only reasonable voice at the meeting was that of a man who had heard about the meeting on the radio while driving home. He just wanted to say that the objections to the Festival on the grounds of lack of sanitation facilities were ridiculous. He ran the local "portable toilet" business and could "line up sanitary toilets from Fort Ord to Big Sur.")

Lou Adler and John Phillips have in the last weeks transcended show biz. They are not at all sure what they will do next. They do not want to have the Festival outside of California and, for many reasons, do not want to have it in the state's big cities. They have not really begun to consider the alternatives suggested to them if Monterey is closed use of private land nearby and even the call for a "Human Be-in" at Monterey on the weekend that had been allotted to the Pop Festival. That part of the immediate future is still uncertain.

Although it seemed like it was just the petty politics of a small town, the fight against the return of the Monterey International Pop Festival has taken on far greater dimensions. For one, the fate of the Festival—which is, after all, a musical event—was moved to a more powerful political arena.

And perhaps it took on a dimension even greater than that: the handful of Monterey citizens who are fighting the Festival—some of them perhaps genuinely sick people, some of them afraid and some of them, just spiteful—in their act of hatred may have started the bloodbath that the new music had hoped to avoid with love.



John Phillips faces up to Monterey Mayor Minnie D. Coyle



The Fairground Board of Directors at the beginning of their hearing.



The cover photograph from Alice's Restaurant: Magritte on the menu.

VISUALS: THE NEW ALBUM ART

BY THOMAS ALBRIGHT

Andy Warhol created a new fine art style by painting the labels of Campbell's soup cans and other masterpieces of American commercial packaging.

Neither Warhol nor Campbell's ever managed to improve on the screaming ugliness of the tomato soup label. But pop art has turned on everybody to seeing all kinds of everyday things—soup cans, detergent boxes, billboards—in an entirely new way: as potential art works. At the same time, a flood-tide of new artists is turning out work for commercial purposes which has all the independence and power traditionally restricted to the museum and gallery scene. Art with a capital A is going out of style, and the rigid wall between fine art and commercial art is ceasing to exist.

Nowhere is this happening more dramatically than in album-cover design; record-store walls are becoming as interesting as poster shops and galleries. Everybody suddenly seems hip to what a record jacket is all about.

The standard method of producing an "art" jacket used to be by pasting in a reproduction of some familiar Miro or Picasso; a really far-out art director might even commission an original painting. There were the artsy, soft-focus photographs of Miles or Coltrane ebbing into the deep purple. Another big prestige pitch was to cover the entire jacket with some chic, innocuous design, usually department-store rococo. These ideas were lavished almost exclusively upon jazz and classical jackets; no one ever bothered dressing up a pop album.

No one seemed to worry about whether a Picasso painting had anything to do with the music inside, much less with the rest of the album cover. And this is the huge difference that is revolutionizing album covers now, especially in the rock field. The best of them begin with the fact that they are album covers

—high-gloss cardboard, with limited color-printing possibilities and a 12-inch-square format that somewhere has to observe such rules of the game as indicating a title and who the artists are—plus, of course, the label. And they go everywhere from there.

Not surprisingly, some of the biggest pace setters in cover design have been Beatles albums. Early covers like "Beatles '65" (Capitol ST 2226) set the style for the formalized group photograph, everyone rigidly posed, looking straight in the camera and holding umbrella staves or guitar necks dead up-right in a severe geometry. The whole idea pokes irreverent fun at the phony "candid," "live action" poses of standard press-agent photos, exaggerating the carefully posed group picture of 19th-century photography and primitive photographers the world over. The aim is also, of course, what primitive art so often captures without trying: aggressive, penetrating Presence.

Almost every group in the business has come out with an album cover, poster or press picture that represents some kind of variation on the theme—more rigidly stylized, or more loosely posed in landscape or street settings. Probably the most familiar, for better or worse, is the Jefferson Airplane's *Surrealistic Pillow* cover (RCA Victor LSP-3766), which has been reproduced all over in posters and press photographs. One of the more successful informal poses is the Mama's and the Papa's *If You Can Believe Your Eyes and Ears* cover (Dunhill D 50066), showing the group, fully-clothed, inside a bath tub. The idea is carried to a logical conclusion in the cover for *John Wesley Harding* (Columbia CS 9604) which is simply a polaroid snapshot by John Berg. The top corners are rounded off, and the picture is outlined in white on the flat gray cover layout like a page from an old family album. It has a beautiful graininess, a glare of fresh sunlight and a totally candid, documentary honesty which make it one of the

best album cover photographs.

Klauss Voorman's 1966 cover, *Revolver*, was one of the first jackets to use Art Nouveau-style graphic work. It reflects a realization that, after all kinds of jackets portraying the Beatles in various close-up poses and, if you didn't get the point, reiterating "The Beatles" in big bold letters, everybody knew who the Beatles were and what they look like.

The black-and-white cover reduces the group picture to small-scale photo-collage, nesting in Medusa-like strands of hair that cascade over the Beatles' stylized, mask-like faces. In a field that is now swamped with covers in every variety of dime-store psychedelicism, it is still one of the strongest out.

One of the few other graphic covers that touches it is Jeremy Steig's own drawing for his album, *Jeremy & The Satyrs* (Reprise RS 6282, R 6282). Also in simple black on white, it portrays a Bacchanale, or solstice rite, in a web of free sinuous lines that generate into trees, flowers, figures. The backside also does an imaginative job with the group pictures, using each of The Satyr's New York cabaret cards next to a picture of some cops making an arrest.

The Beatles' big leap forward came with the cover for *Rubber Soul* (Capitol T 2442), still one of the best covers made.

Robert Freeman's *Rubber Soul* cover is a variation on the formal picture, but subtly distorts the Beatles' faces into a soft flow of rippling images, like reflections on the surface of a quiet pool. Their heads are arranged in a dizzyingly undulating semicircle, which is echoed in the liquid lettering of the title—the cover's only use of words, except for an inconspicuous Capitol bug. The fish-eye has been used on covers before and since, but mostly with gimmicky effect. In *Rubber Soul*, it turns a deceptively quiet composition of brown and soft green foliage into a literal fish eye view, as subtle as the music inside.

The new Beatles' trend-setter is the *Sergeant Peppers* cover (Capitol MAS 2653), with the group, in bright, bizarre bal costume against a cast of thousands photo-collage of real and wax-work figures that looks like the crowd scene finale of Fellini's *8½*. It is the diametric opposite of the close-up, formal group photograph (that's on the inside fold-out, in vivid color) like a surrealist junk-shop window that yields up stranger treasures the more you look at it. The fresh, outdoor light and garden color emphasize the incongruity like a pastiche of Marilyn Monroe in a painting by Theodore Rousseau. The credits are beautifully disposed of: the title, lettered on the bass drum head, and "Beatles" written in flower, in front of a row of cannabis plants.

The Mothers' wild version of the same theme on *We're Only In It For the Money* (Verve V/V6 5045X) is an instance where the parody is almost better than the original, more bizarre without the beauty. *8½* by way of Mad Magazine. The Mothers, in frilly, thrift-shop female garb, are portrayed in grotesque close-up on both sides of the jacket's outer lining, a counterpart of the Sgt. Pepper inside fold out. The crowd scene inside is an outrageous conglomeration of transvestite Mothers, plaster figures and a pop collage of famous personages ranging from President Johnson to Hopalong Cassidy, the eyes blocked out in "True Detective" style. A lightning bolt crackles through a purple sky and, on the sod beneath, "Mothers" is spelled out in vegetables. The whole production (by Frank Zappa) is a kind of beautiful atrocity. (See Page 16.)

After so many major album covers, the *Magical Mystery Tour* (Capitol 2835) is a disappointment. The cover itself is third-rate carnival camp. The back-side has a mildly effective multiple-image color photo, and the entire concept is too much. But the 24-page picture book is also an undistinguished job, the photographs, with one or two exceptions, are cliché avant-garde photo-journalism, of interest only to those who think that anything the Beatles do must be interesting, and Bob Gibson's drawings are slick Little Annie Fanny pop cartoons.

The best album covers are—like most album covers in the past—products of photography; but they reflect all kinds of advances in imagination and technique; commercial photography, like TV commercials, is yards ahead of what still passes for art photography in Establishment galleries and art journals.

Some of the best of the other new covers

• William S. Harvey's cover for *The Doors' Strange Days* (Elektra, EKL-4014). This is a breath-of-fresh-air study in soft-spoken surrealism, a cloistered, out-of-the-way street populated with a circus strong-man, musician, juggler, acrobats and a dancing, fat-faced little boy who reappears on the flip side of the jacket, offering a tambourine to woman in an East Indian gown. The whole scene, bathed in an atmosphere of monochrome blue with a few bright touches, has the uninhibited charm of a film like "Red Balloon" or of the ramping outdoor scenes in *Hard Day's Night*. The credits are neatly taken care of with a poster of "The Doors" on one of the building walls, partly covered by another strip that says "Strange Days."

• *The Who Sell Out*, (Decca DL 74950). This jacket makes the most direct use of pop advertising art, specifically most of the worst of the unregenerate food and health-aid ads that fill all those front pages before the index in slick magazines. Daltry rides in a bowl of Heinz Oven Baked Beans, carrying the can; Peter Townshend holds an Odorono container up to one arm-pit, through a distortion lens, and Keith Moon squeezes a raunchy paste out of a Medac tube. The photos, all in flesh and baked bean technicolor, are complete with white-space and bold face copy lay out. If you couldn't feel the cardboard, for a minute you might think it was the real thing.

• Arlo Guthrie's *Alice's Restaurant*. (Reprise, R-6267). A magi-

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realism of Arlo, in an atmospheric orange light, topless with bib, sitting between two burning candles at a dining table. The table setting has some of the jewel-like simplicity of an old-master still life; Arlo, with his bowler hat, projects the quiet incongruity of a figure out of a Magritte painting.

• Daniel Kramer's photo for Bob Dylan's *Bringing It All Back Home* (Columbia, CL 2328). An arty, but still honest, view through a diffusion color lens of Dylan in a contemplative mood, holding a cat and a magazine with a feature on Jean Harlow; a note of soft-spoken social protest is provided by a "Fallout Shelter" poster, a Time magazine Johnson cover and a vacuously beautiful chick who lounges in front of a fireplace behind him, nonchalantly holding a cigarette.

• The photographs for Donovan's "A Gift From a Flower to a Garden" (Epic L2n 6071). The cover photograph has the fragile, delicate beauty of a sprig of fresh lilac; the reverse-side photo is a soft color study of Donovan and his Holiness the Maharishi. Like the Beatles, Donovan seems to project his own essence into everything that touches him. Soft-spoken, pure and sensitive.

• The Rolling Stones' *Between the Buttons* (London, LL 3499). From a flood of wispy, soft-focus color covers, this one stands out for fresh, sunrise atmosphere, the poetic naturalness of the Stones' expressions and the white-light halos that radiate between the buttons of lettering that names the title and group.

• The Grateful Dead cover (Warner Bros. W1689, one of the few psychedelic covers that come off, mainly because it was designed by two of the best psychedelic poster makers, Mouse and Kelly). The cover is a typical Kelly photo-collage of multiple image figures against liquid lights; the layout is turn-of-the-century sheet music, a la Mause. The album also has a fine liner pair of reverse, negative image black and white photos.

• The Dirty Blues Band cover on *BluesWay* (BLS-6010), out of a large crowd, one of the best using a color negative photograph.

• Their *Satanic Majesties Request* (London, NPS 2). Another approach toward op effects, with a cover color-photo of the group swimming behind one of those eye-bending screens used in "Nervous-Tired Eyes?" ads. It seems to screw up an otherwise first-rate, far-out photo, although you can't be sure; it may be as atrocious as the garish and contrived montage of old-master paintings, planets, ancient maps and mazes on the inside fold-out. The back-cover psychedelic is even worse.

The whole scene in album-cover design remains spotty and erratic, like any new development. It lags behind the poster tidal wave, and is far from equal in all musical departments, mostly, jacket stylings reflect the music audience.

Rhythm and blues albums continue to feature the cliché press agents artist's photo—or, if the artist doesn't have the looks, sometimes an entirely unrelated glamour picture. Country and western covers are even more distastefully traditional; jazz and folk with a few notable exceptions, continue in the art and artsy traditions—occasionally coming up with some that score. Another thing altogether are the covers of Blues Classics and Arhoolie albums; reflecting the puristic taste of their audience, they carry on the art-documentary black and white photographic tradition of Paul Strand and Dorothea Lange. For bold simplicity, earthy honesty and consistent quality, they are the best album covers out.

The big cover art revolution, is where the music revolution is, in rock albums. They reflect an audience with a taste for quality, but no taste at all for rigid strictures on what art is supposed to be, or where you find it. It's mainly a product of the last few months, but already it's produced its own major and minor master-works. And even the imitations are getting better.

Musicians' Free Classified

Free space is provided here for hungry musicians: If you need a gig, are looking for someone to play with or something to play, feel free to mail us your ad, short and to the point. If you have something to sell, on the other hand, you pay (\$2.50 per line, enclosed with the ad). Be sure to indicate city and state when you mail your ad to: Musicians' Classified, 745 Brannan Street, San Francisco, California 94103.

BASS GUITARIST, also plays sax, very versatile and imaginative, originally from East Coast, draft exempt, and experienced. Call Mark, 885 1691, S.F.

BASSMAN, newly arrived, needs band or gigs. Blues or jazz—have equipment. Doc at 4634 Fulton, S.F., 752 9311 or Mick Scott at Haight Switchboard.

HORN PLAYERS—Jazz oriented, alto, tenor, trumpet, trombone, for heavy R&B/Jazz/Rock group now forming. All should read but it's not required. Contact Travis or Peter, 640 Steiner, San Francisco.

RHYTHM GUITARIST blues folk R&P, doubles on bass, wants work with Bay Area group. In school, grads in June. Ray C., San Jose, 408-262-1932.

GOOD SINGER Female, age 22, 5 years' experience in semi-professional folk music (not blues), looking for folk-rock group (maybe w/ C&W overtones). Play autoharp, fair guitar, some piano, interested in learning bass. Rachel, 415-848-5953, not before noon.

GUITAR-BLUES HARP PLAYER—24, would like to join blues band. Call 589 5488, San Francisco, California.

ORGANIST, 18, experienced, wants to join established, working rock group. Call Dave Neft at 531 1021 in Oakland.

LEAD GUITARIST and organist looking for bass player, drummer, singer/writers for heavy rock group. Dave Brooks, 562-7731, Oakland.

VERY SERIOUS blues-jazz group, looking for serious booking agent, who will rise and work with group. Phone Mike Thomas, 269-3359, San Jose, Calif.

CHICK SINGER, Piano player needed. Also lead guitar. Call 845-4407, ask for Bill.

A PLACE for a rock group to practice (as many hours per day as possible, 87); we've no money now but once we're earning will be more than willing to pay. Help! Keep us off the streets! Call Chris, 626-6224 (San Francisco).

GOOD MUSICIANS if you have a hang-up like a job or school & can't devote full time to a band, let's start one for a hobby to keep in shape. I'm a lead singer from L.A. Anyone call Sterling Haug at PR 6-5815 (S.F.)

BASS PLAYER, 25, Mountain View. Call Pete, 966-2710 days, 968-8592 eve's & weekends.

NEW YORK

BASS PLAYER wanted to join forming group. Any other instrumental talents helpful. New York City. Contact Al (212) 763-0784.

CHICAGO

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TEXAS

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RECORDS:



History of Rhythm & Blues Various Artists (Atlantic SD 8161-4)

Volume 1 The Roots 1947-52; Volume 2 The Golden Years 1953-55; Volume 3 Rock & Roll 1956-57; Volume 4 The Big Beat 1958-60.

The term "rhythm & blues" first came into general usage as a postwar euphemism for what had been known as "race records." The Negro audience that bought these records had, through defense plant prosperity and the broadened outlook occasioned by migration from Down Home to the industrial centers of the North, become sensitive to the patronizing overtones of the earlier designation. But the music it demanded was if anything "blacker" and in terms of the European (for which read "white") tradition, more vulgar and less schooled, than the classic, country and early urban blues (Bessie Smith, Robert Johnson and Leroy Carr are, respectively, examples of these styles) that appeared on the old Okeh, Bluebird and Vocalion labels during the Twenties and Thirties.

Unlike Okeh and the others, subsidiaries of recording industry giants, the companies that produced rhythm & blues were—and for the most part still are—small and independently, sometimes Negro, owned—Chess-Checker, Atlantic, King, Savoy, etc. Atlantic, one of the pioneers in the field, has gone into its vaults to compile this 57-cut history.

The collection's title would be more appropriate if it read "History of R&B on Atlantic Records." The notes maintain the pretense that this is a complete and accurate representation

of the style and period; if they had dropped the hoke and included at least the names of other important vocal groups, singers and instrumentalists the series would be not only more honest but less flawed a "document" than it now is.

I suppose it is too much to ask, given the competitive, produce-it-at-minimum-cost and therefore short-sighted nature of the record business, for a truly inclusive anthology of this or any other Twentieth Century (i.e. post-Edison) music, with sides by artists still under contract to—or whose output is still the property of—disparate labels: wouldn't it be a gas, though? ("You'd think he'd be satisfied with Joe Turner, Ray Charles, the Coasters, Drifters, Ravens, Orioles, Ruth Brown, Clyde McPhatter and Carla Thomas.")

It's not that I doubt these are a good selection of Atlantic and Atco releases. Especially in its last two volumes, covering the late Fifties when those labels dominated the scene, the History resurrects some memorable and important sides. But there's a lot more to the music than the novelty numbers, popular songs with a Negro accent and occasional heavily-arranged blues that we find here. 18 King Size Rhythm and Blues Hits (Columbia CS 9367), compiled from King Records releases, gives a much broader musical spectrum in one-third the number of tracks. Though some of the songs are less than exciting, inclusion of material like "Sixty Minute Man" by Billy Ward & The Dominoes brings this album closer to the down the line R&B feel.

Many late Forties records, for example, were so explicitly sexual in their lyrics and overall sound that it would be pussyfooting to call them suggestive. Yet the closest things to "Baby Let Me Bang Your Box," Dinah Washington's "Long John" or "I've Got a Big 12-Inch . . . Record of the Blues" that appear in the Atlantic collection are "Young Blood" by the Coasters and "Smokey Joe's Cafe" by the Robins, both of them Leiber-Stoller tunes that come absolutely clean in the clinches.

Or, with so many fine saxophone solos sandwiched in on these numbers (King Curtis on "Yakety Yak," Gene Barge on Chuck Willis' "C. C. Rider," and assorted unidentified heroes on the Ruth Brown and Joe

Turner cuts), why are the only two instrumentals by Frank Cully and Tommy Ridgely? It is as if the classic R&B tenor player—Big Jay McNeely, whose acrobatics are described below, and the others, similar in sound but less visually dramatic: Louis Jordan, Joe Houston, Lockjaw Davis, Vido Musso—laying on the floor, kicking his legs in the air as he strips off his jacket and shirt and all the while blowing repeated notes and honking phrases until he, his horn and his audience reach a collective climax that even by today's Jimi Hendrix standards could hardly be called ersatz, it is as if those men, who headlined the R&B shows they appeared in, those masters of showmanship who could make the same "bottle of the bands" seem like a be-all-or-end-all showdown in town after grimy town, had never existed.

There is likewise no mention of Earl Bostic, the late alto saxophonist and bandleader, his band, in which John Coltrane played during some lean years, was constantly on tour of nightclubs, dance halls, etc. of the Great American ghetto—primarily in the Northeast and the South—during the period these records span. His LPs were steady sellers, his singles were on jukeboxes everywhere and he attracted a sizable white following, but . . .

The most glaring omission involves straight blues. True enough that Joe Turner is a Kansas City blues shouter who first came to prominence in the company of boogie-woogie (heavily rhythmic "eight to the bar" blues) pianist Pete Johnson and that Ray Charles is a phenomenally talented stylist and innovator whose wedding of the blues to the inflections and choral techniques of gospel singing was the genesis of the Stax and Motown approaches to "soul music."

But to speak of rhythm and blues without taking note of B. B. King, not to mention Bobby Bland, Wynonie Harris, Jimmy Reed, the early, electrified Lightnin' Hopkins, etc., is left-handed to say the least. The Atlantic catalog itself could have provided some exemplary material by T-Bone Walker and Champion Jack Dupree; even the Ray Charles items included are not his bluesiest. And where is Jimmy Witherspoon, also from Kansas City but better-voiced and more sophisticated than Turner, who, though lately associated with jazz,

was an R&B presence to be reckoned with around 1950? What about the "Queen of the Blues," Dinah Washington?

One thing the History does document very clearly is the extent to which rhythm and blues performers found themselves "fattening frogs for snakes." By this I mean the situation where a white group covered a release and found acceptance—and the lion's share of the money—in the popular music market. LaVern Baker's "Tweedle Dee" and Joe Turner's "Shake, Rattle & Roll" were well-known victims of this process, but did you ever think about what the Weavers did to Leadbelly's "Goodnight Irene," which appears on Volume 1? This routine has pretty much petered out—and has even been reversed in such instances as Otis Redding's version of "Satisfaction"—but it was a harsh fact of life ten or fifteen years ago.

One additional note. These records were remastered, largely from old 78s and 45s, and supposedly "enhanced for stereo." After listening to them on three different sound systems, my conclusion is that enhancement is where you find it: a lot of the cuts sound about like they would if you found the original 78 in the bargain bin of a local record store.

There are any number of outstanding songs on these records. Besides those already mentioned, "Drinking Wine Spo-Dee-O-Dee" by Stick McGhee, Ruth Brown's "Mama, He Treats Your Daughter Mean," Charles "Greenbacks" and Ben E. King's "Spanish Harlem" are almost Chekhovian slices of life . . . with music. The best thing to do is check the songs on each record. There are bound to be some you thought you'd never heard again—and others you hoped you never would. Volumes 1 and 3 are closest to being essential.

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Vincebus Eruptum Blue Cheer
(Phillips PHS 600-264)

When the subject turns to three-man groups, Cream is undoubtedly the first one that comes into mind. Cream on stage are one thing and Cream in the recording studio are something much different. And they know it. This is probably where Blue Cheer's problem begins. They were recorded too early. I will give them credit for being honest about it, though. The members of this group have not yet realized how to separate the "live" Blue Cheer from the recorded Blue Cheer.

Their first album, just released, is testimony to this. A good part of the LP is successful in bringing across the gutsy nature of their singing and playing, but unfortunately parts of some songs are marred by a void. The instrumental break of "Rock Me Baby" brings this point across perfectly. During the vocal segments of the song, there is a fullness present that a song is supposed to have. However, when the break arrives, the whole effect just falls flat. It was the first time I had ever heard a trio sound like a duo. Especially in the stereo version, the bass player, Dick Peterson, sounds almost non-existent. The overall production of the album isn't too hot either. You'd think that a good group would know how and when to limit themselves and their sound.

Blue Cheer are too anxious. They

are too anxious to hit the public as a knockout, devastating combo. This shows up in all of their lengthy instrumental passages. Leigh Stephens, the lead guitarist, is too hung up on his controlled distortion sound. He uses it far too much throughout the LP. They have made no attempt to fill in their void via double-tracking, as Cream do (except for "Second Time Around"). Listen to "Strange Brew" for example. While Clapton is doing his note-plucking, you will notice the foreign sound of a figure-playing, chord-hitting rhythm guitar in the background. They know that to try to get their full, loud sound in a recording studio through natural playing is fruitless. Stephens should take this technique from Cream instead of stealing a guitar segment from Hendrix ("Third Stone From The Sun") and putting it into "Doctor Please" which is a mediocre song to begin with. The stolen segment is only an indication of a somewhat unoriginal way of thinking. This song's fault is that it sounds too much like a vocal "Toad," if you can imagine that. Listen and see what I mean.

"Out of Focus" is one of the album's assets. It sounds like something that could have fitted very nicely into *Are You Experienced?* The style is pure Hendrix. The opening guitar has that Hendrix meanness to it. A very good track all around. "Parchment Farm" starts out sounding a little too much like "Summertime Blues" which, incidentally, was their single and is included in the LP. It takes a good turn and develops eventually into some of the best guitar work on a good song. The bass playing is controlled and strong, even though not elaborate. The idea of lowering all the volumes to nothing and then coming back in a completely different mood is done very effectively.

The last of the originals by Peterson, "Second Time Around" is marred by too much distortion and features a "Baby Toad" as I have chosen to call it. This minor version of the aforementioned song (drum

solo) I could have done without mainly because Paul Whaley is no Ginger Baker. This brings up another of the album's faults. They need at least one more instrument to fill in and make a complete Blue Cheer because they are not strong musicians for a three-man setup. They are not on a par musically with Cream or Hendrix and so they need to add another piece. Although I expected more from this group, the album is a must because it's interesting and because Blue Cheer are a good group. They have the musical appeal to become very big if they go about doing it correctly.

MICHAEL GEARY



Axis: Bold as Love, Jimi Hendrix
(Reprise 0281)

Jimi Hendrix sounds like a junk heap (Ben Calder crushed monolithic mobiles bulldozed), very heavy and metallic loud. Rock's first burlesque dancer, superman in drag, his music is schizophrenic. *Axis: Bold as Love* is the refinement of white noise into psychedelia, and (like Cream) it is not a timid happening; in the vortex of this apocalyptic transcendence stands Hendrix, beating off on his guitar and defiantly proclaiming "if the mountains fell in the sea, let it be, it ain't me." Such cocky pop philosophy shall not go unrewarded.

"EXP" is Hendrix's white tornado advertisement aperitif (come-on), "my God Martha, it's a white tornado": "There ain't no life nowhere." The science fiction continues (Mose Allison) in "Up from the Skies," while "Spanish Castle Magic" transforms the Clovers; in fact, much of *Axis* demonstrates that Hendrix stands in relation to rhythm and blues of the fifties as the Who stand in relation to mainstream rock of the fifties—two useful transplants, indeed. "Ain't No Telling" is all Mitch Mitchell, who is by now definitely one of rock's most frantic drummers (from Moon to Baker). "If 6 Was 9" cracks foundations with banalized hippie lore ("wave my freak flag high"), while "She's So Fine" positively destroys walls. If "One Rainy Wish" repairs everything (like "May This Be Love"), pomp and circumstance ushers out "Bold as Love"—we all know that she by now has to be experienced.

Jimi Hendrix may be the Charlie Mingus of Rock, especially considering his fondness for reciting what might loosely be called poetry. But his songs too often are basically a bore, and the Experience also shares with Cream the problem of vocal ability. Fortunately both groups' in-

strumental excellence generally saves the day, and Hendrix on *Axis* demonstrates conclusively that he is one of rock's greatest guitar players in his mastery and exploration of every conceivable gimmick. Uneven in quality as it is, *Axis* nevertheless is the finest Voodoo album that any rock group has produced to date.

JIM MILLER



Crusade, John Mayall's Bluesbreakers
(London PS 529)

The blues is a perverse musical form: it is inextricably involved with race; there are two aspects of the blues, emotional and musical, and the best blues is the fusion of these two aspects; finally, the form of it is so simple that for a performer or a group to excel, they must be exceptionally good.

Then you take the curious case of John Mayall, a young Englishman who was raised and trained a good three thousand miles from Chicago and who, as go the English, forever must be in the shadow of Eric Clapton, formerly a member of his group, one of the best bluesmen in the world and far and away the first and last word in English blues.

Yet the notes to John Mayall's most recent album say, "One name stands out as the leading figurehead for the blues in England today. John Mayall." The name of the LP is *Crusade*. On the front of the album, the motif is one of the group members carrying picket signs for the blues: "The Blues Forever" says one and another proclaims the existence of the "Bluesbreakers Fan Club." The truth of the matter is that this is not where the blues are at.

Mayall is a good musician; he handles his harp and the piano nicely. He has a pleasant voice and knows how to phrase it well. He also is a good leader: he has put together a good band and they are fairly together. To replace Clapton, he found a young, Clapton-derived guitarist named Mick Taylor. Taylor appears to be very talented and in time will probably turn out to be a fine player.

Mayall writes some good blues, and he chooses the best of other people's material to do ("I have chosen to campaign for my blues heroes by recording one number each from their own recorded repertoires.")

One of the nicer songs on the album is his own tribute to the late J. B. Lenoir, a Chicago musician. But the song belies two things: Mayall had to use echo on his voice because he apparently could not squeeze enough found realism. The result pushes on sentimentality, but not the blues.

When you don't have a soloist, you must look to the band. And the band here, while pleasant enough, is not much. You can find better blues groups, white and black, by the dozens; and if you dig the material, the originals are still around. And in the case of Muddy Waters or Albert King the originals are very much better in terms of musicianship.

If John Mayall is on a crusade, that's cool. Unfortunately, unpopularity does not define the blues musician.

In England, the audience has long been hip to the real thing. In America, the public is just beginning to get hip to what they have at home. Albert King is indeed available and Mayall brings very little to his version. The blues may not enjoy mass popularity, but lack of it hardly defines the blues. So much for crusades; they generally get to be pretty boring.

Record reviews continue on the following page.

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WARNER BROS. - SEVEN ARTS RECORDS, INC.

Boston Sound Spread Thin

Continued from Page 8
which are yet to be heard from:

The Earth Opera: This Elektra group will have an album out this month and is the folkier of all the current Boston groups. Elektra, with its usual good taste, is promoting the group on a musical basis rather than with the "Bosstown" hype. The leader of the group, Peter Rowan, used to perform with Bill Monroe and his singing and original material on this record are brilliant. The album is easily the most sophisticated to come out of Boston and while it is seriously flawed in spots, it is a very impressive debut.

The Bagatelle: The best performing band in the city will be making its recording debut shortly with Tom Wilson as their producer. They are the local group using horns (their hornmen are fantastic), and they do a hip kind of soul music which is extremely exciting. The leader of the group is drummer Lee Mason who was formerly with the Lost.

The Hallucination: The last survivors of the Remains era, this group has finally come into its own. While nominally a blues band, their instrumental work is extremely tight and far out. The oldest musicians in the area, they have a maturity lacking in many of the other groups. They are unsigned as yet.

The way Boston has reacted to all this attention is strange. A local dj who did nothing to help the Boston groups of two years ago has turned the "Bosstown sound" into a personal crusade. He has advised his listeners to wear a letter "S" standing for "sound" and has told his audience that if they don't have anything nice to say about what's happening they should shut up. A local college station dj has taken a highly critical outlook and has been attempting to keep the local scene in a national perspective—some feel he has been overdoing it to the point of destructiveness.

The point remains, as Jim Kweskin put it a while ago, that geography is irrelevant and that there is no "Bosstown sound." There is, however, some good music being made in Boston and more to come in the future, providing the record companies give the scene room to grow and providing the city doesn't take the industry hype too seriously.



John Wright and Wayne Ulaky,
Beacon Street Union

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—Fancy Badami

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Singles:

"Mighty Quinn," Manfred Mann (Mercury 72770)

Bob Dylan has said more than once that Manfred Mann was the only singer who did his songs right. This retitled version of "Quinn the Eskimo"—Dylan sent the tape to England during his recent illness—is an impressive piece of evidence. The lyrics, the tale of a Rabelasian satyr cum culture-hero about to descend on the scene (possibly a sardonic self-portrayal), come across beautifully and the music augments their impacts. The B side is best forgotten.

"Dead!" Carolyn Sullivan (Phillips 40507)

During a break in a record date for a name vocalist in a South Carolina studio the sidemen decided to amuse themselves by blowing a funky little jazz riff. The producer dug it, recorded it, wrote lyrics and handed them to one of the girl singers in the backup trio on the date—and thus the R&B "breakout" record of this year.

From all reports it really did happen that way. Part of the reason must be those lyrics—for straight talk they have to be the farthest out thing going, i.e. "I just want to be dead" delivered absolutely deadpan. But the way that little old funky riff blossomed into tenor and organ solos that would make King Curtis' group look pale, if that were possible, is pretty important too.

"Cold Feet," Albert King (Stax 45241)

This is another track that was intended as a warmup and got taped and released. On it you'll hear Albert King's theory of the blues: if you can't understand them you've got a hole in your soul, and his desire for a hit: "been in this studio three days and—nothin'." The only people who can get a hit out of this studio is Sam and Dave . . . But Stax has caught Albert's gutty sound, peppered with those incredible sustained high guitar notes, and maybe he'll have one here.

Bishop to Form Own Blues Band

—Continued from Page 6
style during the latter's Chicago days.

Meandering around that city's South and West Sides harmonica in hand, hanging out in blues clubs until the musicians gave him a chance to join them for a tune or a set, not only sharpened Butterfield's musical skills but also, he says, his awareness of what the blues is all about.

"In a lot of places the musicians would be suspicious of me because I was white. They'd look at me like they were saying, 'What's this cat doing here? He's got nothing to say to us,' and like that, and all along I knew I could play better, play more blues, than they could." Of course, his talents eventually brought him acceptance and recognition by almost everyone on the Chicago blues scene.

Most of the Blues Band's members have paid the same kind of dues. Elvin Bishop talks knowingly of leaders around Chicago who are happy when a sideman makes a couple of musical mistakes during an evening's performance—it gives the leader a chance to bawl the offender out and in addition, keep his salary down. Playing "Caravan" behind Sabu, snake dancer and stripper, in an Omaha joint remains one of Buggy Maugh's more vivid memories, though not as vivid as his recent arrest in Las Vegas for disturbing the peace by arguing with his uncle in a bar. Alto saxophonist Dave Sanborne was accompanying Albert King on gigs around St. Louis when he

Hit It Again, Sammy . . .

We were having another spiffy
Pork and Be-in at the
Sear's parking lot (near the gas station)

And some vomiting-image
Of Bob Dylan played, or something,

The words going "Scragamagalakkee

Nackro mistel by the cove . . ."
But we weren't listening too much

But smelling the incense and my
Professor was having a Mystical
Experience with some little
Number (who had a whole

Sucrets box
Full up with numbers) and
Smoking, smoking, smoking

With the Carburator Blues Band
And Company under the oil rack
Which must have been a nice trip

But we weren't watching too
Much but were feeling the
Grass in the pots along the
Street which was growing.

How I love the nights
After such good days and may
They all pass away with
Our Welch's Grape Society

But leave the people
To help with wars of liberation
For equality

Of grass in pots along the road
And crumble
Brick outhouse life

Crumble
Gold metal-flake steel
And burn

Babies of the Flirt Race
And go home Yankees
And go home to
Blues-band existence

To jug-band breathing
To kazoo living
To cigar boxes and
On down to Rubber Bands . . .

—DAN GRANT

was barely out of high school.

"Everyone's trying to play blues these days," Butterfield said. "But when a group like the Doors — I'm not singling them out, they just come to mind—tries it, I can't believe them. What they do they do well, but blues just isn't their thing. You've got to have a feeling for the blues."

Aside from the older musicians, most of them of Southern origin, who have been established bluesmen for years, Butterfield has found that talented black artists are no longer interested in the blues as a vehicle for expression. "Most of them are looking for ways to get out of the ghetto and playing blues ties them into it even more thoroughly," he believes. "Buddy Guy, who's 28 or so, is the only exception I know."

The question of who will replace Bishop as the band guitarist has not yet been settled. Mick Taylor of Mayall's group and John McCarty are under consideration, but there are several young Chicago guitar players also in the running. Elvin, who currently favors blue overalls as stage attire, plans to return there and do a series of concerts and recording with some older bluesmen who have not yet received much attention, and also play some dates with a jazz quartet. "I'd also like to work with Roscoe Mitchell," he said. Eventually he expects to form his own group, which would become another Albert Grossman-managed offspring of the Butterfield Blues Band. "But first I've got to work on my vocals—they can stand a lot of improvement." The audience didn't seem to agree.

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